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CONTENTS.

| | |
|---|-----|
| A NEW FIELD FOR FREE VERSE. <i>Henry B. Fuller</i> | 515 |
| LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE. (Special correspondence.) <i>Theodore Stanton</i> | 517 |
| CASUAL COMMENT | 520 |
| The latest Nobel Prize winner.—An old story revived.—A pitfall for authors.—The way of the book-auctioneer.—The cultivation of superficiality.—A deservedly popular book in Russia.—Alliterative aids.—In behalf of sanctity of copyright.—Oddities of book-illustration. | |
| COMMUNICATIONS | 523 |
| Notes from Japan. <i>Ernest W. Clement</i> . A Plea for the Amateur. <i>Louise Gebhard Cann</i> . | |
| A LEADER IN CONSTRUCTIVE AMERICAN-ISM. <i>Garland Greever</i> | 525 |
| FOUR AMERICAN POETS. <i>William Aspenwall Bradley</i> | 528 |
| ENGLISH INFLUENCE ON OUR INSTITUTIONS. <i>Harold J. Laski</i> | 530 |
| POETRY FROM THE TRENCHES. <i>Witter Bynner</i> | 531 |
| FEEDING THE BELGIANS. <i>George Bernard Donlin</i> | 532 |
| THE THIRST FOR SALVATION. <i>Arthur H. Quinn</i> | 534 |
| RECENT FICTION. <i>Edward E. Hale</i> | 535 |
| NOTES ON NEW FICTION | 537 |
| Kildares of Storm.—The Whale and the Grasshopper.—Beef, Iron, and Wine.—Local Color.—Richard Richard.—The Stranger at the Hearth.—The Nest-Builder.—The Towers of Ilium.—Quaker-Born. | |
| BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS | 539 |
| The China Year Book.—From the notebooks of John Muir.—Adding to the Irving-Brevoort correspondence.—Caricatures of satire.—The length and breadth of English drama.—Catholicism and peace. | |
| HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.—II. | 541 |
| FINDING THE BEST IN THE JUVENILE BOOK HARVEST. <i>Montrose J. Moses</i> | 545 |
| HOLIDAY JUVENILE LIST | 549 |
| LIST OF NEW BOOKS | 554 |

A NEW FIELD FOR FREE VERSE.

Mr. Howells, looking through the windows of "Venetian Life" upon the life of Europe in general, once paused to note the tendency of an advanced civilization to substitute form for spirit, the husk for the substance. What he said of life may well be said of one of life's major privileges, art; and it may be said with special force of that particular form of art known as the short-story. American life, while younger than European, has lost its first freshness; and America's best contribution to the general body of art has already become jejune. The short-story, as we know it in the magazines, is now an article of deliberate manufacture, a conscious object of bargain and sale—as much so as furniture or footwear. It is a ready-made mould into which material—equally ready-made—may be run. Numerous pens are busy telling how to concoct it and how to market it. The most high-minded editor is not above asking for "a bright love-story, not to exceed five thousand words." A myriad hands cooperate in the manufacture of this art-form for almost every organ of print, to appease the terrible leisure of the all-devouring modern eye.

This briefer form of fiction, in its best estate, may be said to stand like a young tree—the stem towers; the sap runs; the foliage, if redundant, presents the liberal charms of branch, bud, leaf, light and shade; one may explore its intricate verdure with due reward. But the average short fiction of commerce is now too frequently a hollow, sapless affair,—a spectre of incipient decay, if not an actual mass of deadwood, against the bright sky of rightful expectation: both in the lexicographical and the popular use of the word, it is "punk."

Yes, deadwood is right: the deadwood of conventional description and characterization; the deadwood of "punch" and "climax" laboriously reached by recipe; a parade of tedious paraphernalia which anybody who reads short-stories at all knows by heart and should be glad to be relieved from. How best escape the stale and inflated conventions

that beset and overload the short-story? How best economize the efforts of the writer and the attention of the reader? How best gain brevity, concision, intensity and heightened sense of form?

One way, at least, seems to present itself: that new method of expression now called — whether in derision, or from over-readiness to accept a label, or from supine vagueness in front of a novel actuality — free verse. What is thus termed, I should incline to call neither verse, on the one hand, nor prose, on the other. Between black and white are shades of gray; between high tones and low, serviceable octaves intervene; between noon and midnight there is a borderland of dusk or of dawn. Free verse balances on the fence between poetry and prose, and dips beak or tail toward either at will. The less sympathetic mind may prefer to see a bird of clumsier breed: one that, on occasion, rises upon the air, yet drags its feet along the ground. The free versifier draws at will upon the stability and earthboundness of prose and upon the aerial strata that lie above. He can pedestrianize over the firm road, yet indulge the lift and the lilt whenever the lift and the lilt seem good. Above all, he can readily lay tribute upon some of the best effects and advantages of poetry — the packed thought, the winged epithet, the concentrated expression. The "bright story of five thousand words" may be told — with all superfluities discarded and all redundancies stripped away — in seven or eight hundred, with greater regard for economy of attention, whether of mind or of eye.

One would not, perhaps, offer the short story in free verse — or, rather, in flexible rhythms and tight-packed verbiage — to the clientèle of Mr. Winston Churchill or of Mr. Harold Bell Wright. No; these faithful followers, in their snug, distant homes, on long winter evenings, must have their pages by the hundred, by the thousand: why hasten to rise from table when there is nowhere in particular to go? But a lively, over-driven, urban body of readers, limited as to time and harried by an appetite for novel notions, should welcome the new vehicle: the sort of reader who nibbles, sips, flirts his napkin, twitches his chair, looks down the board and asks, "What next?" He is the devotee — or the victim — of the quick tempo; he hears the

end before the end is reached and is already preparing to ask for another tune.

I am far from saying that such an attitude toward a work of art is admirable; in fact, the speed-mania, as involved in the apprehension — perhaps I mean, appreciation — of any manifestation of art or literature, should be deplored; but we must take our day as we find it. What surprises me is that a busy people, a people often so impatient in one direction, should be so willing to dawdle in another. On the other hand, I would not encourage too far the terrible, air-cleaving rapidity of the Spoon River tombstones; indeed, these must generously be half-forgotten (should that be possible) if the free-verse story of moderate dimensions is to be accorded a fair measure of patience. The dance of death which we are all leading may have its lively steps; but need not make itself into a hurricane-jig. One's "*verre*" may indeed be "*petit*," but shall it not hold more than a single concentrated drop of bitterness? We may quicken our pace, but need we hurl ourselves down the Gadarene slopes? The trebly compressed, quintessentialized pungency of Spoon River is an escape of strongest ammonia — a triumph for Mr. Masters, but a despair for anybody who follows him. No, gentle reader; do not expect the whole story in a single page. Be willing to turn four or five of them — small ones. Remember how many of them — large ones — you have been turning in the magazines: standardized *novelle* of love, adventure, graft, crime, local-color, "kid-stuff," and the rest.

The short-story in free verse may appear in various guises. It may be biographical, like Mr. Masters's "All Life in a Life," recently rewarded with a prize by "Poetry." It may be episodic, like some of the things of Robert Frost — bolts of frieze or linsey-woolsey, if you like, but reasonable in length and clean-cut as to salvage. It may be semi-lyrical, getting itself done in bursts of colorful emotion, like some of the pieces of Amy Lowell. It may seize still other opportunities. It may become the home of touch-and-go, the haunt of the hint and of the glancing allusion. It can give in a single epithet the essence of a prose sentence, and in a single phrase the spirit of a prose paragraph. It will let you be humorous, if you can be; hortatory or pathetic, if you wish to be. It will come as a grateful ally to the man who is not a space-

filler at space-filling rates, but who is intent on sincere and pointed self-expression for its own sake. It may even exercise the compelling continuity that chains children to the comic supplement.

A favorite objection to free verse—or to free rhythm—is that it is merely prose cut up, arbitrarily, into short lengths. "What determines the length of your lines?" the ribald ask. "And what decides for you the size of your stanza or strophe?" The strophe is shaped by the exercise of an original architectonic consciousness, either active or latent; and the length of its lines is determined by a variety of considerations. First and foremost, the writer must feel—as, indeed, always and everywhere—his theme. He must sense it, if but subconsciously—and perhaps best subconsciously—as a matter of flow and cadence. This flow he need not greatly care to guide; quite likely it will guide itself. Again, he shapes his lines for the advantage (perfectly legitimate) of the pause at the end, whether to aid the rhythm or the emphasis. If extra emphasis be required, a line may be made to consist of but two or three words, or even of but one. He divides also for change and variety. He divides also for the ease of the eye, that sadly overworked organ; and I may say, just here, that the young eye, fresh and untired, is no judge of the importance of this point. Such an eye is at once too strong and too inexperienced for a delicate test, and overlooks the advantage of "filled" and of "void" well-distributed over the printed page. What is done in prose sporadically and casually is done in free rhythm on system. If you say that free verse needs all the help it can get to make it easy reading, you are entitled to the jest—merry and perhaps obligatory; but you are likely to come, later on, to a different frame of mind.

And as concerns the combined length of line and of strophe, let us return to the figure of aqueous flow: see, if you will, a succession of small waves on a ground-swell—but expect neither from the greater nor from the less a mechanical regularity.

In the matter of metrical detail the thorough-going *verslibrist* looks a bit askant at the employment of iambs, dactyls, and other recognized measures of the older prosody. If these are to be used they must be used sparingly, in association with the more subtle

rhythms and cadences of prose; and their equivocal presence may be still further cloaked by divisions into line-lengths of much irregularity.

Nothing is truer than this: that if a new day is going to express itself to advantage, it must make its new moulds as well as find its new material. The later vintage, crude and homely though it may be, deserves its own bottles. Doubtless many of the early free-versifiers have shown themselves lacking. They have been vague, inchoate, "woozy"; and they have had nothing very definite to say. The vagarious mood has done duty for the clear-cut thought, the sprightly hand-spring for the firm-footed, straight-bearing course. Such moods and manners may perhaps be allowed to the poet in free verse, but they assuredly cannot be permitted to the story-teller in free verse. He must have a ponderable theme, a straightaway continuity of thought, and a sense of form that takes heed of beginning, middle, and end. Such a man, thus equipped, ought to be able to compass, first a hearing, then tolerance, then acceptance, then the real welcome that follows on having done the timely thing in the idiom of the new day. But the conservative lingers long—both for ill and for good, be it said—and the acceptance of the novel may not be so rapid and complete as the newer *novellista* would desire.

HENRY B. FULLER.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

A good example of how the literary spirit persists in France notwithstanding the stress of war is shown by the revision and completion of that admirable collection of the French poets of to-day, "*Anthologie des Poètes Français Contemporains*" (Paris: Delagrave, 4 volumes, 3 frs. 50 each). The first three volumes, which appeared originally about ten years ago, have just been supplemented by a fourth, and the whole work brought down to July, 1914. The period covered extends from 1866 to the present time, and not less than 300 poets, French for the most part, though Switzerland and Belgium are not overlooked, are here represented. Selections from the work of each poet are accompanied by a specimen of his handwriting and an original and often very

good biographical and critical notice. The preface to the whole series is from the pen of Sully Prudhomme and was written the year before he died, 1907. It presents in graceful but strong terms the claims of the old school in face of the aggressive and rugged New Verse, while the editor of the collection, M. Gérard Walch, who went to much labor in correspondence and research to bring together all these scattered elements, dwells, in his introduction, on "the immense richness of the poetic production of an epoch which, as regards poetry, surpasses all those which have preceded it."

M. Walch is a highly cultivated Dutchman of Huguenot descent, many members of the French branch of whose family have figured or still figure in the liberal walks of life in France and two of whom have recently fallen on the west front "in the cause of right and justice," he writes me; and his French proclivities are still further increased by the fact that his wife is the granddaughter of an officer of the Grand Army. He is a professor in one of the great commercial schools of Amsterdam and an ardent member of the Dutch branch of the League of Neutral Nations. This extract from a recent letter of his to me is interesting in more respects than one:

From the way things look now, it seems to me that this war will have a happy effect on French letters. The final triumph of the good cause will necessarily bring about an exaltation of the grand moral forces which the struggle has contributed to stimulate so powerfully. Then the poets will sing of the deep human sentiments, and sane national traditions will be respected without excluding an enlightened internationalism. There will also rise up a profound disgust for a certain kind of molly-coddleness and a contempt for all snobbishness and easy-going success in life. The broad spiritualistic and religious current which existed already before the war and which is represented in my supplemental volume by such Catholic poets as Adrien Mithouard, Robert Valléry-Radot, Le Cardonnel and others, and by free-thinkers like Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, will be widened and gain in strength. We shall also see blossom forth a beautiful pure love-poetry — think of the young women who have married blind soldiers! — a poetry which will be permeated with filial tenderness and devotion. Nor will these poets stop at the celebration of the chaste joys of family and friendship. New dreams, largely humanitarian, will emanate from the ruins of the past, dreams of human solidarity and fraternity, forever protected from a recurrence of these hideous crimes of militarism now running riot in bloody orgies. But who will be the lofty poet who will sing of this the Great War, of this titanic struggle, whose most insignificant episodes throw into the shade the grandest exploits of our ancestors? Who will be this poet, who this genius? The situation calls for another Victor Hugo.

An American will be pleasantly surprised at the frequent mention in this Anthology of Poe, one of the many instances in modern

European literature of the deep impression which this erratic genius has made on the intellectuals of the Old World and which reminds me of another example of this that I have not seen mentioned in the United States. Odilon Redon, the distinguished French engraver who died recently, did not make a portrait of Poe, as some have imagined, but he did publish in 1882 a series of six lithographs and a frontispiece in plastic correlation with the literary work of "this writer of genius," as M. André Mellerio, the French art critic, calls him in a note to me. "À Edgar Poe" (Paris: Fischbacher), like the other albums of Redon, has long been out of print; but a reduction in facsimile of this series and of all his engravings for that matter, is to be found in Mellerio's "Odilon Redon" (Paris: Société pour l'Etude de la Gravure Française, 144 rue de Longchamp, 500 copies privately printed, 1913). Speaking of this book, the author writes me:

It was written in close collaboration with Redon and is confined exclusively to his engravings, which I treat very fully. But it contains nothing about his pictorial work, which however was also important, especially in recent years. It is a great artist who has disappeared, but at least his art creations will live after him. He leaves a widow as intelligent as she is good, and his eldest son has been at the front since the outbreak of the war.

It is this widow who has called my attention to the "Mercure de France" for August 16 last, where M. André Fontainas, the Belgian poet, publishes "a long and true study of my husband," in which many interesting things are said about the Poe influence on Redon — the same is seen also in M. Thiébault-Sisson's *chronique* in the "Temps" of November 12 — though the fact is overlooked that he exhibited in America in 1913, at New York, Chicago, and Boston. In fact, at the international exhibition of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, held in the spring of that year in the first-named city, a special room was devoted to the paintings and engravings of Redon.

And this leads up naturally to the death, still more recently, of another famous French engraver, Alexandre Lunois. Indeed, Lunois was not only an engraver but, like the old Italian artists, worked in every department of art and worked well. Perhaps the best account of his life and labors is to be found in a series of articles published some little time ago by M. Emile Dacier, in the "Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne" and brought together later in a thin little volume. In 1912 appeared the more important illustrated work, "Alexandre Lunois, Peintre, Lithographe et Graveur" (Paris: Fleury). His widow, who

was the intimate companion of her husband's home and studio, sends me these interesting details of his art life:

My husband never wrote anything about his art, which he loved so dearly and all that remains of his views thereon is what has been preserved by intimate friends from conversations with him. One of these friends the writer and art critic, M. Raymond Escholier, now at the front, has under way a work about my husband which will appear some day. Among his productions which have not been exhibited are his last etchings and lithographs, especially one representing a mass in a ruined church, for my husband, like so many other artists to-day, took subjects from this war, a tragic catastrophe which caused him much moral suffering because of all the mourning he saw around him. It surely hastened his end. He was not well when he began, and nearly finished before he died, a large canvas, a street scene in Seville. He always loved Spanish subjects. This work he executed with much vigor and joy.

Another literary-art note is worth recording here. M. Thiébaud-Sisson, whom I have just mentioned, the art critic of the "Temps," has been and is still publishing in that journal a series of articles on the more intimate side of Rodin's work. He tells me that he intends eventually to bring all these articles together in a volume. On this subject, he wrote me last month:

Rodin himself is the chief source of my information, especially as regards the events of his childhood. For the rest, I have largely utilized information furnished me during a period of some fifteen years, the past fifteen years, by artists who have been close to Rodin and have long worked with him,—such as Pézieux, now dead, Jules Desbois, the sculptor, and a number of others who in some cases were simply friends of the artist, as was Constantin Meunier, for instance. In order to attain greater accuracy, I have often compared the statements of one of these men with the statements of the others.

This care was all the more necessary because Rodin is no longer in a mental state to aid in an undertaking of this kind. Some four or five months ago his memory began to fail him until to-day he cannot recall the circumstances concerning work done only twelve or fifteen years ago. His friends fear he may never recover from the stroke which he had last spring; in fact, one of these has said to me that he "doubts if Rodin sees the spring of 1917," which probably puts an end to the plan which was cherished in some quarters of his early visit to the United States.

Another death in the French intellectual-artistic world should not pass unnoticed. M. Marès, mayor of Lovagny, in the Haute Savoie, has left to the academy of that region 200,000 francs and his chateau of Montrottier, surrounded by some 230 acres of land and housing a rich museum, the whole gift being valued at a round million of francs. The president of this academy, M. Mignet, writes me as follows, and what he says well illus-

trates what I dwelt upon more at length in one of my DIAL letters of last winter concerning the numerosity of the literary academies scattered all over France:

The Académie Florimontane, not Florimontaine, as the Paris "Temps" prints it, was founded at Annecy in 1851 and is the revival of an institution of the same name created in that city in 1606, that is, nearly thirty years before the foundation of the French Academy,—created by St. Francis de Sales, who was born near Annecy, and by President Favre, the celebrated juriconsult of the seventeenth century. Its object is to encourage letters, the sciences, and the arts; to collect manuscripts, charts and documents interesting local history; to approve all good things and to support every measure which redounds to the glory of our nation. It awards prizes in history and poetry and publishes a quarterly, the "Revue Savoisienne." M. Marès was a member of our body. The collections which he has left us are made up of pictures, statues, engravings, enamels, tapestries, fans, antique furniture, etc., and some 300 rare ancient and modern volumes.

A somewhat similar gift, but with a deeper meaning, is that of the Hôtel Merghelynek, at shamefully wronged Ypres, presented to the martyred Belgian nation in the very midst of her sufferings. My friend Fontainas, mentioned above, has seen the mansion and its contents. He sends me this note:

It is an elegant, though somewhat ostentatious, residence constructed from 1774 to 1776 by a Merghelynek, Seigneur van de Camerl, counselor of the city of Ypres, and is given by the great great grandson of the founder of the house, M. Arthur Merghelynek, who has furnished it with Louis XVth and Louis XVIth furniture and decorated it with engravings of the same epoch. In a word, he has there created a museum of the eighteenth century in the finest taste and in fitting surroundings.

I close this letter with some short literary items which may be of interest. Concerning the article, "Les Petits Carnets de Sainte-Beuve," which appeared some little time ago in the "Revue Hebdomadaire," Mme. Marie Louis Pailleron, the author thereof, writes me: "These precious note-books, which have been some time in my possession, reveal the fecundity of this mind, its power for work and its ardor. One sees, in germ, in the Sainte-Beuve of 18, all the great qualities of our first of grand critics." In sending me the French edition of Dr. John Finley's, "The French in the Heart of America" "Les Français au Cœur de l'Amérique" (Paris: Armand Colin, 5 frs.), translated by Mme. Boutroux, with a preface by M. Gabriel Hanotaux, M. Emile Boutroux writes: "We are deeply touched here in France by the many marks of sympathy which reach us from the citizens of the sister republic. It is very agreeable to us to note that so many of the fellow citizens of Lincoln believe that we are fighting to-day as they were in the past that 'government of the people, by the people,

for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—Professor Paul Fournier, of the Paris Law School and member of the Institute, sends me in separate form an article of his which has come out in the latest number of the "Revue Générale de Droit International Public," which shows that in 1139 the second Council of the Lateran "prohibited among Christians the use in war of arms which were too murderous"; and these arms were the bow and cross-bow! "We have made progress, especially on the Teutonic front, since those ancient days."—M. and Mme. Leblanc, who have formed at their hôtel at 6 Avenue de Malakoff, Paris, a remarkable collection of drawings, engravings, and documents bearing on the present war, write me as follows: "We are aiming to establish a public museum devoted to the bibliography and iconography of the war so that the French may later live over again the present struggle and never forget it as some have that of 1870."—The interesting *chronique* which appeared in a recent number of the "Temps," "Les Diners de Victor Hugo," has led some to suppose that we were to have another volume of the great poet's table-talk. But such is not the case. M. Marcel Pilon, the author of the article, is too young to have sat at the table of Victor Hugo; "these souvenirs come to me from my grandfather."—Mme. Marcelle Tinayre has just returned from a five months' visit at Salonica and is now engaged in writing her impressions of her voyage in Greece, which will be followed by a story whose plot will be laid in Salonica. The war and these writings occasioned thereby have suspended the completion of the Toulon novel which Mme. Tinayre had under way in 1914, as explained in a letter of mine to THE DIAL a year or so ago.—Professor Giorgio del Vecchio, of the university of Bologna, sends me a pamphlet, which has appeared both in French and Italian: "Les Raisons Morales de la Guerre Italienne" (Paris: Société d'Economie Sociale), "Le Ragioni Morali della Nostra Guerra" (Bologna: Stabilimento Poligrafico Emiliano). His desire now is to have it come out in English dress too. The spirit which pervades this pamphlet is shown in these lines which I take from the author's letter to me: "No war has been felt more profoundly and more intensely wished for, none has been actuated by a more elevated imperative morality; never was there a more just war, whose aim is not only natural but human redemption. Our conscience is clear as our enthusiasm is ardent; and we have absolute faith in victory."—Much has been said of some of our fine young Americans

who have given their lives for the cause of the Allies. But one youthful hero has been somewhat overlooked,—Kenneth Weeks of Boston, who fought in the same company with Gorky's son. The latter told me that the last time he saw him, on the fatal day, Weeks was "rushing forward, face to the enemy." His mother has just brought out a little memorial volume, "Kenneth Weeks, a Soldier of the Legion" (London: George Allen), which contains new and touching details not only of her son but also of this terrible struggle still in progress on the western front.

THEODORE STANTON.

November 30, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE LATEST NOBEL PRIZE WINNER, Verner von Heidenstam, is described as being almost everything that his famous fellow-countryman, Strindberg, was not. Idealist and romanticist to his finger tips, the younger man has for at least thirty of his fifty-seven years waged vigorous warfare on the realism of his celebrated senior in literary art. It was in the eighties and nineties that the battle between the realistic and the romantic schools in Sweden developed its greatest fury, and the realists were winning when the young painter-poet, fresh from postgraduate travel and study in Greece and the Orient, belted on his sword in defence of the things of the imagination, of beauty in literature and art, and "proclaimed the Renaissance doctrine of the 'joy of life,' " as one of his admirers has expressed it. Born to wealth, an aristocrat of polished manners and courtly bearing, somewhat of a dilettante, an enthusiastic Hellenist (perhaps, like Pater before him, of the Cyrenaic school), and with a mind enriched and enlarged by extensive travel, this gentleman and scholar had, manifestly, little in common with the wild-eyed, long-haired, and generally unkempt followers of Ibsen and Strindberg and their like. Poet, novelist, critic, historian, philosopher, and teacher, Verner von Heidenstam is best known for his great work "Hans Alienus," comparable in scope with "Wilhelm Meister" and "Jean-Christophe," his "Endymion," and his historical study, "The Carolines," on Charles XII. and his period. So far as imperfect acquaintance with the man and his work can enable the distant observer to judge, this latest winner of the Nobel Prize for literature deserves the honor.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED may enjoy a vogue comparable with its first popularity. Such a rehabilitated favorite seems at present to be "The Man Without a Country," current conditions in the political and military world being obviously of a nature to secure a willing re-reading (or it may be in many instances a first reading) of Dr. Hale's famous masterpiece. Amid the chorus of praise with which the story has been deservedly hailed, it is noticeable that at least one dissentient voice has striven to make itself heard. As a curiosity in literary criticism, let us quote these words from a Philadelphia correspondent to a prominent New York journal: "Permit me to characterize the book as being, as far as a fair knowledge of English literature would justify me in saying, probably the most malicious, mean-spirited, fiendish book that the mind of man has conceived. For unblushing ferocity, for malice and delight in punishment, for bad manners and low general character, I do not know anything to equal it." Though such a charge hardly needs rebuttal, let us quote a single paragraph near the end of the story, where Danforth, evidently voicing the author's sentiments, thus unbosoms himself: "Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'" If there is anything "malicious, mean-spirited, fiendish" in the supposed treatment of Philip Nolan, it certainly has not the author's final approval.

...

A PITFALL FOR AUTHORS is often hidden in the innocent looking scrap of negotiable paper received in exchange for a literary production. A beginning writer, in the glad triumph of getting twenty-five or fifty dollars for a piece of prose or verse, all out of his own head, is seldom in a mood to scrutinize too closely the fine print on the back of his check, just above the place for his signature. He writes his name with a flourish, and away goes the check to his banker. Later it may or may not dawn upon him that he has signed away his rights — book rights, foreign rights, translation rights, dramatic rights, and film rights — all for a pittance in hand, instead of securing for himself and his heirs a possible future revenue of respectable

proportions. Of course it may be only one instance in a thousand that contains any such delightful possibility; but why needlessly throw away even so remote a chance? A writer mentioned by "The Author" (London) was more canny. He sent an article to a prominent journal of repute — its name is given, but need not here be exposed to further publicity — and it was accepted, the note of acceptance specifically referring only to publication in a certain issue, wherein the article duly appeared. But the check sent in payment had on its back a clause assigning copyright to the publishers. The contributor, having entered into no such agreement, crossed out this clause before endorsing; and as a natural consequence the check came back unhonored and marked "Alteration in receipt requires initial of drawer." Back to its source, therefore, went the check, with a note to the editor pointing out that there had been no cession of copyright in the correspondence constituting the contract, and asking for a remittance in accordance with the contract. In a few days the desired remittance came, with an apologetic note from the business manager, who tried to save his face by adding: "It is always understood that where no special arrangement exists we possess the copyright, but it is not a point which we wish to press in your case." As a matter of fact, the warrantable assumption, as "The Author" maintains, is always the other way about, and even in the absence of a letter of acceptance, publication in a periodical implies an article's acceptance only for such single publication.

...

THE WAY OF THE BOOK-AUCTIONEER is a shining example in diplomacy. In this country there are seven well-known houses that every year do a great business in passing old books under the hammer, and hundreds of other auction houses deal occasionally in the same wares. New York, as the centre of our booktrade, has five of these establishments: the Anderson Galleries, the Walpole Galleries, the American Art Association, the house of Charles Fred Heartman, and that of Scott & O'Shaughnessy. Boston is known to collectors through the name of C. F. Libbie & Co., if for no other reason; and Philadelphia claims the veteran of the book-auction trade in Mr. Stan V. Henkels. Reviewing this list of caterers to collectors, one is naturally moved to query what inducements they each and severally hold out in order to win the patronage both of those who have valuable collections to dispose of and at the same time of those who are looking for bargains in old

books. Of course the seller must be persuaded by the dealer who approaches him that no other dealer can obtain for him such good prices, and the buyer must be convinced that nowhere else can he get so much for his money. With what enticing arts this double end, despite the obvious inconsistency involved, is attained, only a Macchiavelli or a book-auctioneer could explain.

. . .

THE CULTIVATION OF SUPERFICIALITY has in our modern America been carried to an extreme unknown in any other age or nation. The newspaper that we glance over every morning encourages superficiality by arranging its matter so that it can be hastily skimmed and then thrown aside. But of course the cream, if it be worthy of so flattering a term, is about all one cares to get of the daily news. Reputable magazines, however, have adopted the newspaper devices of headlines and synoptical outlines. Even the light serial novel now spares the belated reader the trouble of turning back and reading from the beginning. What has preceded the current instalment is squeezed into a few preliminary lines of fine print, even up to the very closing chapters of the story. All this is characteristic of our American preference for knowingness at the expense of knowledge. Deep study, prolonged and serious reading, sustained intellectual effort, any concentration of attention beyond that called for by the illuminated screen of the moving-picture theatre, are generally distasteful. We take little pleasure in meditation and rumination; the only ruminants among us are the gum-chewers.

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A DESERVEDLY POPULAR BOOK IN RUSSIA bears the title, "The End of the War." It is a novel by Lef Zhdanof, and it has run through several editions. If one cannot have the end of this atrocious international slaughter in fact, it is something to have it in fancy; and possibly the imagination of it may help to beget the reality, since all material facts have their origin, as we are asked to believe, in mental images. If this be so, what a fearful responsibility must be borne by such a writer as Mr. H. G. Wells, who long before the year 1914 prepared the mind of man for the most astonishing and terrifying developments in the art of war. But, not to insist on a causative relation that it would be impossible to prove, it is worth noting that the Russians are reported by Mr. Stephen Graham to have lost interest in the war as a theme for literature. War stories and

poems and pamphlets and lectures no longer pour from the press, and the mind of the Slav seems to be focussing its attention more upon the future, the time that shall be after the war than upon the dreadful tragedy itself.

. . .

ALLITERATIVE AIDS to effective utterance, both written and spoken, have long been in use, though their occurrence in classical literature is rare. Indeed, the very word alliteration, though Latin in form and etymology, is of post-classical origin. Among the users of this device men in public life, especially political life, are conspicuous. Political catchwords with the alliterative ring come to mind in some abundance, as "Fifty-four forty or fight," "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion"; also Cleveland's familiar saying, "It is a condition which confronts us," and Burke's "Men of light and leading," "Not men, but measures," "The dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion." Fondness for alliteration is clearly seen in our present President's speeches and writings. His "watchful waiting" has acquired a fame that might have been denied to the same sentiment unalliteratively worded; and the same in a lesser degree is true of his "pitiless publicity." His very name is alliterative, and a little book of the season containing examples of the "Wit and Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson" emphasizes by its title one of the marked characteristics of these pithy utterances. Just as rhyme (which, according to Milton, is "the jingling sound of like endings") facilitates the memorizing of verse, so alliteration, or the jingling sound of like beginnings, helps to secure a lasting lodgment in the memory for sayings in prose.

. . .

IN BEHALF OF SANCTITY OF COPYRIGHT, even in time of war and with reference to books published in enemy countries, a letter is addressed by Sir Frederick Macmillan, head of the publishing house of Macmillan, to the editor of "The Publishers' Circular." Its tone shows that the recent Trading with the Enemy Act, No. 2, has not the unanimous support of English publishers. After explaining that this second Enemy Act was passed in order to create a copyright in place of that annulled by the first Enemy Act, the writer continues: "There is no obligation on the part of the Public Trustee to grant licenses for the publication of such works [works by enemy authors published during the war], although he has the power to do so; and as it seems to me impossible to main-

tain that the publication of such works in England is a national necessity affecting either the safety of the State or the result of the War, I am of opinion that the government should instruct the Public Trustee not to grant any licenses at all. The copyrights in Enemy books would thus be secured and held intact until after the war, when they could be restored to their owners. This we should do, not for love of the Germans, but for the sake of our own self-respect." The real mischief in the matter was done when the original Trading with the Enemy Act was passed without any adequate understanding of its bearing on the copyright question. When this relation revealed itself the second Act was passed in a vain attempt to right a wrong. Those competent to pass an opinion seem not to have had much voice in this discreditable piece of legislation.

ODDITIES OF BOOK-ILLUSTRATION are touched upon in the current issue of "Branch Library News." Particular mention is made of the frequent discrepancy between picture and text, especially in novels. It must have been with this lack of concord in mind that Mark Twain ventured to address the artist chosen for the illustration of his "Connecticut Yankee." As quoted in the article here referred to, the humorist said: "Mr. Beard, I do not want to subject you to any unnecessary suffering, but I do wish you would read the book before making the pictures." The artist replied that he had read it twice, at which the author expressed surprise, adding: "I did not think it was the custom with illustrators, judging from some of the results I have seen." But there are not a few careful and conscientious illustrators, as those can testify who have been called upon to help them in their search for an authentic portrait, for instance, or for a picture of a costume of a certain date. The writer of this recalls a long hunt in a large library for a satisfactory likeness of the Duke of Reichstadt. In the latest annual Report of the City Library Association of Springfield, Mass., the librarian tells of certain illustrations asked for by an illustrator, and adds with truth: "It often takes longer to hunt up a desired picture than a book." The pictures desired by this Springfield artist were as follows: "A hairdresser of about the year 1750—in knee breeches; the interior of a tailor shop fifty years ago; a daguerreotype frame; a revolver of the style of 1865; a man dressed in the costume of 1850—with whiskers and long hair; a thigh bone; a coiffure of 1750; a pig."

COMMUNICATIONS.

NOTES FROM JAPAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is officially announced that "Snow on the Distant Mountain" is the subject which has been chosen for the competitive poems to be judged in the Imperial Court on New Year's Day, 1917. Verses should be sent to the Bureau of Poetry of the Imperial Household Department, to arrive not later than December 31, 1916. No one may contribute more than one poem. As English is not debarred, there is nothing to prevent some of THE DIAL constituency from entering the competition. It is not likely, of course, that an English poem would win a prize; but it has already happened that such a contribution has been welcomed and has received "honorable mention." But an English poem in this contest should not be very long; it should be less expressive than suggestive or impressionistic.

The following clipping from the "Japan Times" is of some general interest:

The Encyclopedia Japonica undertaken by the Dobunkan has been completed, its last volume having recently been published. It is almost fifteen years since the first volume of the encyclopedia was issued, and it is reported that the publisher spent more than one million yen in preparing the work.

The encyclopedia consists of twenty-six volumes, and is divided into seven sections, Commerce, Education, Medicine, Law, Philosophy, Industry and Economy, the total number of pages being 24,788.

It is the first undertaking of the kind in Japan. Prominent scientists and businessmen of the country have supported the publication, and although it may not be so complete as similar works issued abroad, it is already recognized as a most valuable publication. Six hundred and eighty-five scientists and authorities have edited the twenty-six volumes.

The encyclopedia not only includes facts and explanations of things Japanese, but also serves as a reference work and dictionary of foreign customs and technical expressions. In this sense the new Encyclopedia Japonica is a combined encyclopedia and dictionary. Each section can be purchased separately, and it is not necessary to buy the whole twenty-six volumes. The price of the complete work is 276 yen.

Mr. Tokutomi, the able editor of the "Kokumin Shimbun," of Tokyo, has published recently an editorial urging that the education of woman is necessary to national expansion. He says that, as woods are necessary in procuring water for a river, so women are essential in solidifying foreign emigration. He says that "our success in Hawaii and the Pacific Coast is evidently due to the family system, for wife and children always make the land homelike wherever men may go." But he says that "Japanese women ought to be made international." "They should consider the world their home and be prepared to go anywhere in company with their husbands." And he strongly urges that the education of women should be encouraged, of such a kind as to cultivate the international spirit.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, November 10, 1916.

A PLEA FOR THE AMATEUR.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It has occurred to me that a word should be said for the Amateur; for may we not over-emphasize the virtue of professionalism? My ideas on the subject are, of course, suggestive for the art of living rather than for editorial procedure.

Recently a woman read to me some original *vers libre* and impressionistic essays that gave me a rich afternoon and a lingering aftermood of sparkling, æsthetic ideas, a play of sentiment and feeling that conferred the sensation that "life" (the elusive, vivid Something most of us pursue but attain not, for it appears to many of us to be stored in books, foreign travel, adventures that overtake remote and magical personalities) was vibrating here about me and penetrating my soul with its glamor.

This writer has never tried to obtain publication for her work; and since it is wifehood and busy motherhood that have developed her natural powers of mellow observation and fancy, sustained by an underpinning of quaint authentic humor, she does not seem to aspire to print. Her writing is, without effort, just as her breathing is, differing from the latter merely in that it takes place at unexpected moments. Its completed effect is as inevitable and natural as daisies in a field, and quite as beautiful and refreshing. She is one of those beings rare nowadays: an amateur, true to the essential spirit of the lover of an art.

My reflections took this shape: I should like to found a periodical for young, unknown, spontaneous writers,—or, rather, not to insist on the quality of youth or obscurity,—a vehicle for amateurs.

The experience recalled to me an occasion of the past, when a friend handed me a tiny sketch written by a Jewess and asked me what hope there was of its being published. I replied, "No hope!" For I knew the fine writing without substance would kill the bit of sentiment in the eyes of any editor. And yet, though that was years ago, in the historic age when "fine writing" was universally condemned, I often regret that that page of sentimental prose was not published. Print would have given it a point of distinction it could not have in manuscript; and within the covers of a magazine, related by association in contrast to other productions, its essential quality would have impressed the reader.

That essay gave me feeling,—feeling rounded to mood. And though the slight substance was long ago forgotten, that mood, vague as the sensibilities awakened on an autumn day, deliciously sad and possessing, like those same sensibilities, with the cool pungency of fog rolling in from the sea late in the afternoon of this same autumn day, remains with me still. I did not know the author of that bit of prose,—I never saw her or heard her; but always I see her, luxuriant-haired, sensuous-eyed, brunette of soul and body, wavering magnetically back of the mood.

She gave me, with her word-evocation that was artless, in our perverted sense of art, that was

spontaneous, as all intense feeling is spontaneous, that was unconscious and accidental, a lasting thrill. Yes, the tiny drop had the source of a stream; it has flowed beside me, faintly purling, ever since, and has freshened a narrow territory of its own.

Having done thus much for me—and who would forego that *thus much*, knowing not its measurement,—why not for others? Why should so exquisite a presentment of sentiment pass unattended? Why should the world waste so pleasurable an expression? We talk of conservation: why should we not conserve more of our intellectual and emotional products? What a delightful experience it would be for persons to meet for the purpose of exchanging such matured expressions of thought and feeling; and I am thinking, too, that a magazine devoted to spontaneous outbursts of gifted amateurs would contain much thoroughly fresh and entertaining work. There is a perfume of the essential psyche, a naïveté, poignant and novel, that most professionals lose sometime before they become professionals. When, after reaching publication and fame, they attempt to regain this pristine quality of their own beings, which manifests itself in style, they fail. The fragrance, the naïveté, they capture is new, somewhat artificial, often mere artifice. It is self-conscious, overworked—the product of mature cleverness; while the other, issuing always, be it understood, from a genuinely gifted or highly talented person, is unconscious, partaking of the quality of life itself.

Against this taste of mine for green flavors may be urged the juvenilia of celebrated authors. But here I am strongest in my plea; for I find in the juvenilia of many writers—Byron, Shelley, Keats, to go no further—that tang of the newly awakened ego attacking the world or enjoying it with a lack of premeditation, self-consciousness, or worldly wisdom, which is the true wisdom that comes out of the mouths of babes.

In Japan they have a saying to the effect that the old should listen to the wisdom of the young; and talent, or genius, before it has crystallized into technique, has often a crude individual message, or shout, or murmuring, which it forgets later, but which those who love all the strange accents of the soul, would fain hear. *We want all that is.* And we fear to miss the first stammerings, or clamors, or unartful songs of inspired beings in adolescence. Some solved riddle may be in them; some beauty not native to this sublunary sphere; some reminiscence, or some prophecy we need. For while this earth and this earth's human society is still alien to the soul, that may be the soul's moment of most pure authenticity. While still isolated and unaccustomed, its comments might be more truly illuminating concerning earth and its inhabitants, the ego newly born here, than later when that ego has related itself to environment and has grown accustomed to what is, or appears to be, here as we circulate about the sun.

LOUISE GEBHARD CANN.

Seattle, Wash., November 29, 1916.

The New Books.

A LEADER IN CONSTRUCTIVE AMERICANISM.*

At a time when the hyphen has received more attention than it merits we may recall to our profit the character and career of a man who, with every temptation to foster dissension in our national life, gave his whole energy to the upbuilding of a sane, unembittered, whole-hearted Americanism. The man was Booker T. Washington, whose death a year ago was a loss to our nation as a whole. Though the death of this great and good man is so recent, we may speak with confidence of the work he wrought. He applied himself to one of the most baffling and terrible problems that ever confronted a people; more than any other man he indicated the lines along which the solution of that problem must be found, and more than any other man he contributed to this solution. Well might Mr. Andrew Carnegie write: "History is to know two Washingtons, one white, the other black, both Fathers of their people."

Almost simultaneously two volumes have appeared that discuss the labors and the character of this man. "The Life and Times of Booker T. Washington" is precisely the kind of work that the title suggests. Against the slowly changing background of social, political, and economic conditions that prevailed in the South during the last sixty years it traces the career of Washington. It borrows interest from the fact that its author, Dr. B. F. Riley, is a Southern white man of marked ability who has renounced distinction in other fields in order that he may give his entire powers to the alleviation of the state of the negroes and to the promotion of better racial relationships. The second volume bears also a felicitous title: "Booker T. Washington: Builder of a Civilization." Assuming that the reader is acquainted with "Up from Slavery" and with the course of Washington's life, it analyzes and vivifies various aspects of his work. Such chapter-headings as "The Man and his School in the Making," "Leader of his Race," "Washington: The Educator," "The Rights of the Negro," "Meeting Race Prejudice," "Getting Close to the People," "Managing a Great Institution," and "Washington: The Man" will show the scope and nature of the volume. There is

abundant emphasis on psychological matters as well as on the character of Washington's work. This book, like the first, has extrinsic as well as intrinsic interest for us. One of the authors was for eighteen years Washington's secretary; the other is a grandson of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

By reading both books anyone may obtain a satisfactory understanding of the negro leader. The two works supplement each other. Both are illustrated, the latter profusely. The first is provided with an index; the second unfortunately is not. Each work is good in its kind. Errors in details are few; the only one noticed by the reviewer is Dr. Riley's statement that the celebration of America's triumph in the war with Spain was held in 1897.

It was really a momentous occurrence in American history when a negro lad in a West Virginia salt mine overheard two colored laborers discuss a school through which a black youth could work his way. Extinguishing the lamp in his cap that he might creep nearer, he learned that the school was called Hampton and that it was situated in distant Virginia. He at once conceived the ambition to attend it. His prospects of doing so were meagre enough. Born in slavery, unable to read or write until he was well in the teens, long kept by his step-father from the wretched school which at last had been open to him, he had obtained the pitiable beginnings of learning by utilizing such hours as could be spared from days of hard manual toil. Until he had entered school he had been known simply as Booker, but then in accordance with a custom he had assumed a surname, choosing that of a great man of whom he had vaguely heard. At the same time he had taken another step toward more civilized living: he had previously worn neither hat nor cap, but at this juncture had persuaded his mother to make him a cap from a piece of jeans cloth. Now upon hearing of Hampton he began planning and laboring to enroll there. Two years later, after severe difficulties, he made his way to the place and passed his entrance examination—the sweeping of a room—with honors. After a few years in the institution so capably administered by General Armstrong and a few more years in finding himself, he was made principal of a negro school which had theoretically been founded at Tuskegee, Alabama. The rest of his story is known, at least roughly, the world over.

Never did a man accomplish his task under conditions more delicate and trying. It was as if he carried fire through a powder factory.

* THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. By B. F. Riley. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON: BUILDER OF A CIVILIZATION. By Emmett J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.

The Southerner, however much he may like a negro, is suspicious of *the* negro; and more than once Washington had the bad luck to arouse the spirit of distrust and ill-will. A chambermaid in Indianapolis who refused to care for his room on the ground that she "would not clean up after a nigger" brought him unpleasant notoriety in a section of the Southern press. After he had dined at the White House a negro, who afterward stated that he was in the pay of some Louisiana white men, came to Tuskegee to assassinate him, but fortunately fell ill and was cured of both his physical and his emotional distemper at the hospital of the institute. It is to be noted that these exhibitions of hostility came from those who were actuated by an idea merely, who did not know Washington himself. Though sensitive of temperament, he was too wise to regard the restrictions he so often encountered as in any sense personal affronts; and it is a remarkable fact that he not only had loyal friends among Southern white men, but "was never insulted by a Southern white man." Grieved as he was by unfairness shown to *the* negro, he found consolation in the assistance which a negro may readily command. The reviewer heard Washington only once; but, as a Southerner, was gladdened at heart at his assurance to a Massachusetts audience that where a negro has succeeded the success is due nine times in ten to the friendship, encouragement, and help of a Southern white neighbor.

The susceptibilities and inclinations of his own race had likewise to be reckoned with. After their liberation most negroes thought of slavery as meaning labor and of freedom as meaning immunity from labor. Led astray by ill-advised Reconstruction measures, they were in no frame of mind to do the one thing they were capable of doing—to toil with their hands. Even where they were learning to work, their manner of existence was deplorable. Washington "found the great majority in the plantation districts living on fat pork and corn bread, and sleeping in one-room cabins. They planted nothing but cotton, bought their food at the nearest village or town market instead of raising it, and lived under conditions where the fundamental laws of hygiene and decent social intercourse were both unknown and impossible of application." Furthermore there were parasites in plenty—negroes who were prompt to come "uninvited and armed with huge empty baskets" whenever a picnic was given, and to promise Washington a turkey for Thanksgiving and then borrow a dollar from him wherewith to fatten the fowl. To give such a people self-

respect, to lay solid foundations for its progress, was a task from which anyone might shrink. But as Washington himself said in the speech referred to above, he did not mind difficulties; he thanked God, rather, that he lived in an age and under conditions wherein there were problems to be solved. His measures, in the main, were homely enough. He preached soap, toothbrushes, and nightgowns, pigs, and paint. Of the toothbrush, which he made an entrance requirement at Tuskegee, he said: "There are few single agencies of civilization that are more far-reaching." He taught his students to raise and prepare their own food, and to make the bricks wherewith the buildings at Tuskegee were constructed. He insisted on frugality, on diligence, on keeping out of debt. This was partly from prudential reasons, partly as a refutation of the popular belief that negroes, simply because they are negroes, must be slipshod and unsystematic. "He built up an institution almost as large as Harvard University which runs like clockwork without a single white man or woman having any part in its actual administration." By his watchfulness in small matters as well as great he won the confidence of the Southern business man; likewise he astonished Mr. Andrew Carnegie by demonstrating that the building for a library could be erected for \$15,000. He founded organizations for the promotion of negro welfare. He engaged in extension work before anything of the kind was done at Wisconsin. He attracted strong support from black people as well as from whites, and by his close touch with negroes everywhere he exerted an incalculable influence upon the rank and file of his race.

He was interested in concrete and practical matters. He saw that the negroes had begun "at the top instead of at the bottom." For this reason, and because "he never forgot that over 80 per cent of his people drew their living directly from the soil," he said little of the things he regarded as non-essentials. In his wish to emphasize the need for the economic independence of the many, he also said little about the cultural opportunities of the few. Because of his silence on these topics he was denounced by radical negroes for cowardice and for truckling to the whites. While the charge was absolutely unjust, the thoughts that it suggests ramify into pathos, into tragedy. "I do not think I exaggerate when I say," declared Washington, "that perhaps a third or half of the thought and energy of those engaged in the elevation of the colored people is given in the direction of trying to do the thing or not doing the thing

which would enhance racial prejudice. This feature of the situation I believe very few people at the North or at the South appreciate." Yet he could be outspoken when the occasion demanded. He protested that negroes should not be charged for equal accommodations on the railroads and at the same time given inferior accommodations. He himself violated Southern laws by riding in Pullmans—a measure for the conservation of his sorely tried strength which met with the approval of the whites. Except in the South he refused to be bound by Southern customs in regard to racial relationships, though he never accepted purely social invitations from white people anywhere, and allowed himself only that degree of social intercourse with them which "seemed best calculated to accomplish his immediate object and his ultimate aims." He urged that negroes be given a just chance educationally, and dwelt upon the connection between ignorance and crime. He pleaded with legislators against the disfranchisement of negroes as negroes, his position being shown by the words: "I do not advocate that the Negro make politics or the holding of office an important thing in his life. I do urge, in the interest of fair play to everybody, that a Negro who prepares himself in property, in intelligence, and in character to cast a ballot, and desires to do so, should have the opportunity." Though in general he thought it was wisest to work quietly and indirectly against the murder of negroes by mobs, he proved both his convictions and his courage when he went to Jacksonville, Florida, in the midst of a race war and denounced lynching.

The success of Washington did not come from transcendent intellectual qualities. These he did not possess. Much of it came from sheer character—from the instinct which caused him to be patient under adversity, to shun even the appearance of exploiting his own name by giving Chautauqua lectures for profit to himself, to write innumerable letters after his journeys to "each and every person who had tried in any way to contribute to the pleasure and success of his trip." Much of it came from his right-mindedness,—from what Mr. Howells has called "his constant common sense." This quality revealed itself in a multitude of ways. It was shown by his judgment in not taking too much for granted in his extension work, in insisting "that the meetings be conducted for the benefit of the ignorant and not in the interests of the learned." It showed in his anxiety that while the North was being educated to give money, the cultivation of

wise relationships with the Southern white people should not be neglected. It showed in his use of his influence with Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, "not to increase the number of Negro appointees, but rather to raise the personnel of Negro officeholders." It showed in "his unerring instinct for putting first things first," and for watching minute details without losing sight of large ends. It was supported by a patient, constructive, and optimistic spirit. "Lynchings are widely reported by telegraph," he explained; "the quiet, effective work of devoted white people in the South for Negro uplift is not generally or widely reported." He reminded negroes that the handicaps to which they were subjected "were after all superficial and did not interfere with their chance to work and earn a living." He pointed out the superiority of the condition of the negro to that of the peasant in Europe. And his conception of his own task was that it consisted not "so much in conducting a school as educating a race." To the gifts which were his through character and purpose must be added the qualities of the born leader, the natural administrator. When he bade, he was obeyed; when he set an example, others were inspired to emulate it.

The last years of his life constituted a race against time. He had started his people upon the upward course; he felt that nothing was more vital than that capable leaders should be provided while vast adjustments were still in the making. Already Tuskegee had turned out men and women who had proved they might be relied on,—had proved they were the hope of their race. He was eager that this leadership should be still more rapidly and successfully created. Hence at a time when his strength was giving way under the pressure of innumerable duties he applied himself with even more prodigious energy. There can be no question that his unselfish exertions hastened his death. He left a great work unfinished, but the impulse he gave it was such as neither the black race nor the white will willingly let die.

GARLAND GREEVER.

The series of articles by Isaac F. Marcossan now appearing in the "Saturday Evening Post" is to be published in January in book-form by the John Lane Co., under the title "The War after the War." In addition to the articles, which are the result of the author's investigations in England and France, the book will include a character study of Lloyd-George together with his message to the American people, and a sketch of Hughes of Australia, the "Overseas Premier."

FOUR AMERICAN POETS.*

Recognition of two principles underlies the present poetic movement: the first, that there exists no poetic subject as such—no one matter, that is, more susceptible than another of poetic treatment; the second, that rhythm is organic—that the musical form of verse must be intimately moulded by its emotional content. On them has been based almost entirely its broader appeal. As a result there is observed a certain tendency to misunderstand them and pervert their significance. Because it is admitted that a poet may find ample inspiration in modern life, it is often contended that the theme of vital poetry must necessarily be contemporary; and because it is evident that every poet worthy of the name invents his own versification, however "regular" it may appear—when did such a poet ever consciously write "iambes"?—it is urged that only through deliberate divergence from traditional practice is genuine originality possible.

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, at least, is the victim of no such vain illusions. In his latest book, "The Great Valley," the author of the "Spoon River Anthology"—"the only poet with Americanism in his bones," according to Mr. John Cowper Powys, his "discoverer"—writes of Apollo, the Furies, Marsyas, and St. Mark, as freely as of the men and women who made Chicago, while this leading exponent of a new medium, midway between prose and poetry, shows himself quite impartial in his employment of traditional metres and of those free rhythms more peculiar to himself—blank verse, the rhymed pentameter couplet, and *vers libre*. It would be hard to say in which he displays the greater artistic ineptitude; and if one were casting about for a convenient confutation of Mr. Max Eastman's theory of "lazy verse," he need look no farther than a book in which the worst of Whitman ("Come Republic") is found side by side with the worst of Shakespeare ("Man of Our Street" and "The Typical American"). Not that there do not occur flashes of the power and penetration, coupled with the harsh felicities of word and phrase, that made of the "Spoon River Anthology," with all its obvious crudities, a really notable performance. But they

are relatively few, and largely lost in the welter of words.

The truth is, of course, that Mr. Masters, who seemed at one time to give a certain artistic promise, is not primarily an artist at all, but a moralist and social philosopher of vague ideological tendencies. For the moment, in the "Spoon River Anthology," his discursive instincts were held in check by the sheer mechanical requirements of the restricted form he imposed upon himself, in the brief space and inscriptional succinctness of the epigram. This artificial restraint once removed, however, the poet appears in his proper guise as a popular preacher of semi-literary, pseudo-scientific pretensions, who has read "Bob" Ingersoll, Darwin, Gobineau, Grote,—a whole shelf-full of the "World's Best Literature,"—and is eager to bring the conglomerate wisdom thus acquired to bear upon the solution of social problems, the mystical interpretation of our national destinies. In this merely edifying end, all sense of artistic proportion is lost. A story like that of "Cato Braden," which would have been compressed into fourteen lines in the "Spoon River Anthology," is here developed interminably through as many pages. Even then the poet, fearing lest he may not have exhausted all its implications, returns to the attack in a supplementary poem, "Will Boyden Lectures," a sort of funeral sermon for the country editor, dead at the age of fifty-one, of wasted opportunities and Bright's Disease. The significance of the whole is summed up in the admonition addressed to city-dwellers, at the end of the first poem, to

Think sometimes of the American village and
What may be done for conservation of
The souls of men and women in the village.

—a fairly representative example of his habitual homiletic style.

The poems in which Mr. Masters is least unsuccessful are those in which he only too seldom seems stirred by some note of personal feeling, such as "Malachy Degan," the lightly touched portrait of a prize-fight referee; and "Slip Shoe Lovey," a genuine enough bit of greasy kitchen genre. Those in which, on the other hand, he is seen at his absolute worst, are the Chicago series, where the "bigness" of his theme, as he conceives it, betrays him into almost incredible turgidity and bombast. "Bigness" has an equally baleful effect upon Mr. Carl Sandburg, inciting him, in his "Chicago Poems," to a brutality and violence of expression about which there seems a good deal that is alien and artificial. But there are apparently two Mr. Sandburgs: one the rather gross, simple-minded, sen-

* THE GREAT VALLEY. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

CHICAGO POEMS. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS. By Amy Lowell. New York: Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

MOUNTAIN INTERVAL. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

timental, sensual man among men, going with scarcely qualified gusto through the grimy business of modern life, which, mystical mobocrat, he at once assails and glorifies; the other, the highly sensitized impressionist who finds in the subtle accords between his own ideal moods and the loveliest, most elusive aspects of the external world, material for delicate and dreamlike expression. The first Mr. Sandburg is merely a clever reporter, with a bias for social criticism. The second, within his limits, is a true artist, whose method of concentration, of intense, objective realization, ranges him with those who call themselves "Imagists."

This method of Imagism, with its insistence upon the clear, concrete, sharply defined rendering of the poet's idea or "image," whatever this may be,—Miss Lowell protests against the current notion of the Imagist as exclusively a picture-maker,—naturally tends to restrict his range, to throw him back upon the briefer lyric or dramatic forms for expression. There are Imagists, however, who refuse to accept as inevitable the narrow limitations seemingly imposed by their artistic ideal. They are ambitious to achieve longer, more considerable *œuvres* than the epigram. Doubtless one of these days we shall have an Imagist epic, and perhaps Miss Lowell will be the author of it. At present, however, she is content to appear in the more modest rôle of story-teller.

Not that the tales contained in her latest collection, "Men, Women and Ghosts," are by any means her first, whether in the more usual verse forms to which she, no less than Mr. Masters, turns from time to time; or in her more characteristic *vers libre*; or in her still more personally flavored "polyphonic prose." Those who have read her earlier volume, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," will recall, particularly, two pieces in the last-mentioned manner, "In a Castle," and "The Basket," as among the best things it contained. Indeed it is doubtful if the new book, with the possible exception of "Patterns"—a perfect thing in its way—has anything to show quite so successful. One cannot help feeling, as one reads, that Miss Lowell, exhilarated by former successes, has come to write too much and too rapidly. Often her instinct for what is really significant fails her in those poems in which, as she says, "the dramatis personæ are air, clouds, trees, houses, streets, and such like things"; her impressionism—or rather "expressivism"—degenerates into a mere passion for the picturesque; and she seems content to achieve upon occasion a scattering

effect with a charge of buckshot, where we should have expected a succession of bull's-eyes. And if this is true even of so richly and warmly colored a composition as "Malmaison"—which suffers also from a certain sluggishness of movement in spite of its brisk phrases—it is felt very much more in many of the other poems—particularly in those where Miss Lowell employs that "unrelated" method, or method of the "catalogue," which, however fascinating for the artist, constitutes a very distinct menace for her art.

Nor do we always feel the same variety and elasticity in her rhythms as before, owing no doubt to the constantly increasing strain put upon them. Formerly Miss Lowell was satisfied to make them merely the appropriate musical embodiment of her thought and feeling—organic, in short. Now she seeks often to render them directly imitative of the "pronounced movements of natural objects," such as the hoops and shuttlecocks of the little girls in "A Roxbury Garden," or of the "flowing, changing rhythm" of musical instruments in "The Cremona Violin," and "Stravinsky's Three Pieces 'Grotesques,' for String Quartette." Each reader must decide independently as to the success of these novel and daring experiments. But in the opinion of the present reviewer, at least, Miss Lowell has very largely sacrificed that beauty which comes from the handling of the line of verse as an instrument in itself, in order to achieve what is at best but a faint, far-off suggestion of the alien effect aimed at.

The same straining effort after imitation as an end, not as a means merely, leads Miss Lowell to invent words, or rather vocables, to represent sounds in nature directly, instead of simply suggesting them imaginatively. This is always a questionable device, to be used sparingly. With Miss Lowell it has become a habit, almost a vice, threatening to spread like a blight over all her work. Scarcely a poem of any length in the present collection but presents one or more example, like the

Whee-e-e!

Bump! Bump! Tong-ti-bump!

with which she attempts to rival the dissonances of modern music.

Such a practice, carried to such bizarre excess, simply bears witness to the poverty of the poet's verbal resources. In general it may be said of Miss Lowell that her feeling for the color values of words is much superior to her sense of their sonorous quality. And yet without the latter—language being what it is, a purely musical medium—there can be no real distinction of style in poetry. Very

few American poets to-day show such distinction. Mr. Robert Frost has a touch of it in more than one poem in his latest collection, "Mountain Interval,"—in "The Oven Bird," for example:

There is a singer everyone has heard
Loud, a midsummer and a midwood bird,
Who makes the solid tree trunks sound again.

It is for this purely sensuous quality, as well as for his genuine passion for nature, expressed through such wealth and delicacy of observed detail, that one most legitimately reads and admires Mr. Frost. There are, too, elements of deep divination in his art, where it touches complex human relations and reactions. But as a dramatic and narrative poet, his method is often unnecessarily cryptic and involved. Thus in "Snow" there is nothing sufficiently remarkable either in the incident itself, or in the resultant revelation and clash of character, to justify its long and elaborate treatment. But in "In the Home Stretch" the poet is singularly successful in suggesting ghostly presences, in creating a veritable haunted atmosphere for the old New England farmhouse, akin to that produced by the English poet, Mr. Walter de la Mare, in "The Listeners." Mr. Frost is the one continuator at present of the "tradition of magic" in American poetry.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

ENGLISH INFLUENCE ON OUR INSTITUTIONS.*

Some such volume as this has long been needed by the students of American history. Not, indeed, that Mr. Cunningham has done more than indicate the way in which their demands may one day receive satisfaction. His book is rather a series of important and, often, brilliant hints than in any sense a full and formal treatise. He is occupied rather with the analysis of institutions than with the tracing of ideas; of the influence, for example, of English political ideas upon the nature of American democracy he has nothing whatever to say. Of the relation of the ideas of 1787 to Puritan experience in the Civil War he has no comments to make. But Mr. Cunningham would rightly answer that one cannot do everything in half a dozen lectures. He might well claim to have pointed a moral which historical students have been perhaps too prone to forget in their anxiety to foster the native product. He makes us realize the entire lack of relation between the

isolation of geography, on the one hand, and the isolation of ideas on the other. His book may well prove the stimulus to that fertilizing novelty of outlook to which, for example, the ingenious scholarship of Professor F. J. Turner has long made us accustomed. The same merits which have made Mr. Cunningham's "Growth of English Industry" a classical work, its breadth, its solidity, the ability to weave the most diverse authority into something like an integrated and artistic whole, are here present in a full degree. His book gives us a realization of the complex strands which have gone to the making of our national institutions. His book will help to dissipate a legend of separatism which has been with us too long. And in so far as it aids in that dissipation, it will be a welcome contribution to international understanding.

But Mr. Cunningham's book suggests certain reflections on the character of American historical work which it is perhaps worth while to adumbrate. This is the age of the documented monograph. No statesman, no area, no event seems too small to be studied. No one can grumble at the loving care which edits the writings of the Fathers in a hundred massive volumes. If Hay and Nicolay choose to bury Lincoln behind the great tangled mass they elected to call a biography, we may at any rate feel the comfort that from this material the characterization we so urgently need may one day be evolved. But the problem grows more serious when that case becomes extended to purely local problems—when men choose, for example, to write on the grand scale the history of a single city during the Revolution, or to detail in a heavy octavo the social gossip of a middle-western town a hundred years ago. One begins more and more to entertain the disquieting suspicion that the heaven-sent historian who is one day to do for America what men like Stubbs and Green and Maitland have done in their respective spheres for England, will be overburdened by his material and give up that work in disgust. Yet nothing is more urgently needed than the synoptic view from which a philosophic interpretation can alone be derived. There seems a real danger lest our specialists may make us lose all sense of perspective. Men seem less willing to attempt the historic feats of Hildreth or McMaster. Professor Channing's fine fragment remains as yet a fragment. The book we so urgently need from Professor Turner seems almost beyond our hopes. Meanwhile the material accumulates endlessly, until we are likely to be buried beneath it. The modern student seems more anxious to produce what is new—

* ENGLISH INFLUENCE ON THE UNITED STATES. By W. Cunningham, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

mainly in the sense of what is unpublished—than to attempt the interpretation of those problems about which we have now sufficient material to form an adequate judgment. Men like Professor Andrews, who will make the half of American history their own, grow more and more rare; or, if they are with us, they do not write. The materials have become so vast that there are few who have the courage to undertake the examination of a great period rather than the elucidation of some tiny topic within that period. It is scholarship, but it is not history.

A book like Mr. Cunningham's calls us back to a truer perspective. If the young scholar wishes to be the chief living authority on the tactics of Bunker Hill, or of sectionalism in North Carolina, we shall not grudge him the privilege; but we shall ask of him something more. Those of us who, while bound to remain outsiders in the study of American history, are yet deeply interested in its study, are a little tired of the choice that is now offered us. We have a plethora of handbooks, none of which attains, to take a single example, to the superlative vigor of J. R. Green. If we would avoid that tedium, there is little save the monograph that is fully abreast of modern research. It is true enough that the age of the grand amateurs is passed. We shall see no more Motleys or Prescotts or Parkmans. History has become scientific; and the student must be trained to the use of his tools. But because we are scientific we need not cease to be human. We must remember that if history is a science, it is also, and not less truly an epic. It must not cease to tell events so that, even when a century and a half has passed, we can catch the subdued murmur of Lincoln's voice at Gettysburg just as, after the lapse of two thousand years, the very inflection of Pericles's moving tones comes to us in the hard passion of Thucydides. Let us train our scholars to the tasks of scholarship. But let us ceaselessly emphasize the function of scholarship in the service of humanity.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

POETRY FROM THE TRENCHES.*

Robert W. Service has been a poetic phenomenon. More or less ignored by the critics, he has won a vast following. And it seems to me time for a fellow-craftsman to protest that in this case the public is right. During these years while "The Spell of the Yukon" has

accumulated a staggering sale of five hundred thousand copies and while the wells of Kipling have been growing muddy or dry, the professors of poetry and the dilettanti have been paying attention to Imagists and Spectrists, leaving Service—they thought—to school-boys. But the popularity of this poet need not have hurt him in the eyes of the discerning nor need his debt to Kipling have injured him in their ears.

It happens that I had just read and reviewed "Spectra," the latest expression of "the new verse," and been struck with it as a strange phosphorescent crest of impressionism, when there came into my hands the volume by Service, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," two hundred pages of sturdy sentimental realism. And I started up with a gasp. Here was "the old verse." Here was something actual, intimate, human, alive.

I will grant at the outset, to such as incline to disagree with my estimate, an occasional familiar crudeness in the book and the mawkishness of poems like "Our Hero," "Son," and "The Convalescent." But the crudeness is the kind you grasp hands with heartily and the mawkishness is the kind you look away from respectfully, and what's left, by far the greater part, you thrill and laugh over like a boy.

Here, as in the earlier poems, is an implicit acknowledgment of the debt to Kipling. It reaches even to free use of the phrase, "thin red line of 'eroes" or to the refrain, "For I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty in the maw'nin'" echoing the refrain of "Danny Deever." But such echoes are the proper salute of kinship; for this latest book confirms Service not as Kipling's imitator only but as his successor. "The Ballads of a Cheechako" and "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" were a disappointment to those who suspected their author of a true and important gift; for they contained nothing of the calibre of "The Spell of the Yukon," that big poem which distinguished his first volume, "Songs of a Sourdough," and has become the title-poem of its later editions. Nor did the general contents of his two intermediate volumes bear out the general promise of the first or prepare one for the vigor and sweep and human emotion of these poems of the War. The poems are dedicated to Service's brother, "killed in action, August 1916," but the emotion in them is not melancholy or bitter. It is not *against*; it is *for*. And it is not for a kingdom on earth or in heaven, but for your home and your fellows; and there's a recurrent feeling that your fellows may, after all, be Germans.

* RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN. By Robert W. Service. New York: Barse and Hopkins. \$1.

The best of the poems are long narratives in dialect, Cockney or Scottish. There are "The Odyssey of 'Erbert 'Iggins," "The Whistle of Sandy McGraw," "Bill the Bomber," "The Haggis of Private McPhee," "The Coward," "Only a Boche," "My Bay'nit," and "My Mate." Fragments are unsatisfactory, but one stanza from "The Red Retreat" shows how the Tommies set out and hints at days and nights that followed.

"A-singin' 'Oo's Yer Lady Friend! we started out from 'Arver,
A-singin' till our froats was dry—we didn't care a 'ang;
The Frenchies 'ow they lined the way, and slung us their palaver,
And all we knowed to arnser was the one word 'vang';
They gave us booze and caporal, and cheered for us like crazy,
And all the pretty gels was out to kiss us as we passed;
And 'ow they all went dotty when we 'owled the Marcelaisey!
Oh, Gawd! Them was the happy days, the days too good to last."

Perhaps in "The Song of the Pacifist" Service is expressing his own judgment that the establishment of "justice and truth and love" and of Right against Might, can only be a lesser victory, in fact will be "a vast defeat," unless our children's children "in the name of the Dead" conquer War itself. But the book is not in its best element a commentary or a conclusion, it is an emotion; and therein, in emotion and in action, lies its strength. It is what Kipling might have made of the War, had his genius still been young. Though the master would have written with surer artistry and less sentiment, the pupil has an advantage or two. Kipling showed what discernment genius could give an imperialist; Service shows what discernment sympathy can give a democrat. And where the Englishman used technical terms with an impressive proficiency sometimes confusing to the layman, the Scotsman uses the slang of the trench so casually and fitly that the picture and the action is on the instant clear-cut and unmistakable. Detail after detail of life at the front takes its place in the various narratives, adding touches of excitement, pathos, terror, tenderness, or humor, and in the end imbuing this particular reader with a closer sense of life in the Great War than any correspondent, novelist, or poet has yet given him—making it so natural, straightforward, first-hand, vibrant, that if you are like me you will close the book with the painful silence in the ears that follows great sound and the flush in the head that comes from the sight of broken bodies and the squeeze in the throat that

comes in the presence of honest human emotion. It is not a criticism from without, but a cry from within—dignifying even "Tipperary." We have been inquiring for the poetry of the War. In my judgment, here it is.

WITTER BYNNER.

FEEDING THE BELGIANS.*

In "War Bread" Mr. Hunt tells the story of the succor of a nation. He served as an American delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, but there is nothing in his book of the aridity of a statistical or official document. Instead, Mr. Hunt has given us a singularly fresh and personal view, a series of impressions, always sincere and moderate, often of admirable vividness. If he was tempted to sentimentalize over Belgium, he resisted the temptation, and his narrative is pointed only with the sharpness of the observed fact.

He was singularly fortunate in the beginnings of his adventure. He set out for Europe on a neutral liner, crowded with German reservists going home to the war. It was a complete initiation into a point of view. Mr. Hunt later visited Berlin and talked with leaders and recruits, with radicals and scholars; there is nothing to indicate that he learned anything new about the Teutonic temper or philosophy. On the decks of the "Nieuw Amsterdam" he had absorbed the whole of that German philosophy of might which has regimented a people—sentiment borrowing the cool language of science, the national will to power investing itself with the sanctions of an alliance with Destiny. All these German reservists exhibited that insensitiveness to the fate of the individual which grows inevitably out of the Teutonic habit of "thinking in centuries" and merging the identity of the citizens in the abstract identity of the State; they were the creatures of a new categorical imperative, foredoomed to the hardness that has always marked off a "chosen people." In so far as a nation yields to this mystical fatalism, it is already sufficiently dehumanized for aggressive war.

Mr. Hunt's fellow-travellers set out in a lyric mood, flushed with confidence. They saw Germany marching to her manifest destiny, a Germany glorified by the romantic imagination, supreme in science and in industry, keeper of the curious modern cult of efficiency, ready now, having disciplined

* WAR BREAD. A Personal Narrative of the War and Relief in Belgium. By Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.75.

herself, to discipline Europe and the world. The Iron Year had come, and the Fatherland was prepared to assert the validity of a natural law discovered, opportunely enough, by German pundits.

Having studied the philosophy on the "Nieuw Amsterdam" and in Berlin, Mr. Hunt contrived to escape through the German lines into Belgium, where he saw the religion of expansion express itself in terms of the actual. At Antwerp he lay for thrilling hours in a coal hole under the foundations of a house at number 74 rue du Péage, and heard the messengers of German *kultur* burst over-head. They were truly expansive, those shells. Mr. Hunt is very human about them. Faced with the realities of war, he was incapable of the solemnity of the moralist; an experience so new and so tremendous must be tasted for itself before one can hope to evaluate it. "My senses were keenly alive to danger, but there was a strange joy in the thought that life was to be obliterated in a mad chaos of flame and steel and thunder. Death seemed suddenly the great adventure; the supreme experience. And there was something splendid, like music, in the incessant insane snarl of the shells and the blasts of the explosions."

From Antwerp, after the fall, he joined the panic-stricken flight to the Dutch border. It was such a sight as one does not often see, the exodus of a people uprooted and swept blindly forward on the winds of war, unthinking, conscious only of a great fear:

Most of that sad army went dinnerless and supperless, and most of it still marched. Its own inertia, not its will, seemed to carry it on, and a strange sound came from it as it moved—a continuous droning, a low murmur, like heavy breathing, which filled all the night air. That sound seemed to come from the earth and the sky and the trees and the grass, as well as from the marching men. It was a sound more terrible than human wailing. It was as if all nature mourned, and as if this vast movement through the night were the funeral procession of a nation. . .

In such moments the philosophy of the poor alone stands, for it is a philosophy founded on the harsh and wounding facts. That strange optimism which desires only to live, and which is hardly to be distinguished from the blackest pessimism, emerges as the basic philosophy of the miraculous survival of mankind in a hostile world. It was imparted to the author by an old peasant whom he met on the road to Belgium:

The war? Ah, monsieur, it is a curse. But then, much in life is a curse, and we must bear it tranquilly. To live, that is the important thing. Men fight each other, cheat each other, steal each other's land, lust for one another's wives—yes, monsieur, it is true—

but we must live. We must bear all tranquilly. It is war. It is life, *n'est-ce pas?*

After the destruction, the reconstruction—partial at least. Mr. Hunt was among the first of the Americans to take service under Herbert L. Hoover. He was assigned to relief work in Antwerp, where he remained the virtual economic administrator for a year; and the closing chapters of his narrative deal with the complicated and delicate administrative and diplomatic details incident to feeding and clothing two millions and a half of people. The task was not simply one of organization, of transportation and distribution, difficult as such a task would have been. A campaign of publicity had to be undertaken in the chief neutral powers, as well as in England and France. An irresistible sentiment had to be created that would make it possible to treat the Commission's work in Belgium as second in importance only to the interests of the belligerent nations, and the jealousy and suspicion of those nations had to be allayed if the work of the Commission was to be carried on without interference and disastrous bickerings.

The man who achieved the miracles of organization and diplomacy in Belgium was Herbert L. Hoover, an American mining engineer resident in London. Mr. Hunt wrote "War Bread" partly to answer the question, Who is Hoover? and he has succeeded very well in dramatizing an amazing talent. Mr. Hoover, too, believes in efficiency, but his efficiency is not precisely the German ideal: it is an efficiency watchful to utilize instead of to pare away the idiosyncrasies of the human material with which it must work. Mr. Hunt speaks of his chief as "a constructive artist in human destiny," and as such he has, of course, a certain ruthlessness of his own. "He uses men, throws them aside and forgets them, as every world architect must, for he has, along with his amazing diplomatic skill, as frank a way in dealing with men as with conditions." Like all men of action, he puts his trust in the *fait accompli*, and after reading of his astounding address, you are quite convinced that, in exceptional circumstances, it is the only doctrine. Those who read "War Bread" will long remember, I think, this quiet and masterful man with a talent for big affairs. He is very nearly the best type that our industrial civilization has hitherto produced; he expresses us infinitely better, for example, than our writers and our artists. Our eloquence still lies in appropriate action.

GEORGE BEENARD DONLIN.

*THE THIRST FOR SALVATION.**

This latest novel of Mr. Howells differs in some respects from his recent work, while in general the methods which he employs in telling the story are characteristic. His choice of a subject, in the first place, takes him back to the scene of his youth and earlier manhood in Ohio, which is rarely treated in his other novels, except when, as in the case of "The Kentons," he made this life a point of departure for an international contrast. The story deals with primitive emotions in a primitive state of society. It is based, as the author tells us, on the narrative of Judge Taneyhill, from which the details concerning the religious impostor who was the hero of the story are taken. Mr. Howells has, however, taken only the bare details; he has touched these details with imagination; and the psychological development of the religious enthusiasm of the community, which is the main motive of the story, is apparently his own.

Joseph Dylks came to the little settlement of Leatherwood Creek, in Ohio, at a time when the religious interest of the community was keen. This interest was sharpened by sectarian differences among the Evangelical sects; but practical expedience made it necessary to have one temple of worship, which the different sects evidently used in turn. This condition of affairs made the settlement a very fitting field for a religious impostor of the type that Dylks represented. He began by announcing himself as a prophet; then he mounted by degrees from the rôle of interpreter to that of a deity, and finally announced himself boldly as a god of equal power with any god known to his hearers. He is pictured as a man of striking personality, good looking in a coarse way, but with very little balance of mind or fixity of purpose. In the sequel he is shown to have had even no physical courage.

The human relations of the impostor are drawn with real skill. Some time before the story opens he had married and deserted his wife, Nancy, and she, believing him dead, had married again. The character of the people in that time and locality is indicated very well by the severe standard of judgment by which her brother, David Gillespie, made clear to her that she must no longer live with her second husband, Laban, even for a day, when she knows that Dylks is alive. The parting of the husband and wife is a bit of tragedy simply told. Dylks at first makes no effort

to interfere with his wife, but later on he endeavors to persuade her to live with him, and she, having grown to loathe him, refuses. Neither she nor her brother makes any effort to expose him, fearing the personal hold which he has upon her, and David Gillespie even watches in silence the hypnotic effect that Dylks is having upon Jane Gillespie, his daughter. Nancy's oldest child, Joey (Dylks's son), is allowed by his mother to attend the revival meetings of Dylks, owing to some very natural sub-conscious feeling on her part that his father has some rights in him which even his long neglect has not entirely destroyed. The inevitable happens. Dylks is forced into a position where he must produce a miracle of a concrete character; he is unable to do so. He is driven from his temple and from the neighborhood by the forces of unbelief and common sense and ends his days a pitiable figure, after he has led his so-called "little flock" to Philadelphia.

Howells makes the forces of common sense and of irreligion concrete, but in different bodies. In Squire Matthew Braille, he has drawn a very interesting character who typifies the unenthusiastic attitude toward the religious enthusiasm of the neighborhood. Matthew Braille delights in nothing so much as to lead the followers of Dylks to self-contradiction and self-exposure. Yet, when Dylks has been seized by the young men of the town who are the concrete representatives of irreligion in an active sense and who drag Dylks before the Squire for trial, Braille decides that he must be allowed to go free, since he has violated no statute of the State of Ohio. Later on when the fugitive comes back in despair and distress, Braille even hides him from his pursuers.

Mr. Howells has evidently been rather afraid that the psychology of his central character would remain hidden from the reader, since in the last chapter, which takes the place of a postscript, he invents a stranger for the purpose of receiving Matthew Braille's analysis of the character of Dylks and of the situation of which he was the central figure. According to him, Dylks might have succeeded if he had had more courage, since he was appealing to a very primitive instinct and was himself more than half deceived as to his mission. The fact that a large number of persons believed in him affected him in such a way that he began to doubt whether after all he might not have a divine mission and whether, if he merely announced a miracle as likely to happen, it might not really occur.

* THE LEATHERWOOD GOD. By William Dean Howells. New York: Century Co. \$1.35.

Braille's summing up of the emotional situation which made the impostor possible is interesting:

"You see," he resumed after a moment, "life is hard in a new country, and anybody that promises salvation on easy terms has got a strong hold at the very start. People will accept anything from him. Somewhere, tucked away in us, is the longing to know whether we'll live again, and the hope that we'll live happy. I've got fun out of that fact in a community where I've had the reputation of an infidel for fifty years; but all along I've felt it in myself. We want to be good, and we want to be safe, even if we are not good; and the first fellow that comes along and tells us to have faith in him, and he'll make it all right, why we have faith in him that's all."

The book is not written in the style of Mr. Howells's great period, that is, during the time when he produced "A Modern Instance," "Silas Lapham," "Indian Summer," and "A Hazard of New Fortunes." There is no deeply significant character in the book, none that can rank with Silas Lapham, Bartley Hubbard, or Lina Bowen. But it is a distinctly better story than "Miss Bellard's Inspiration," or "Through the Eye of the Needle," or "The Coast of Bohemia," or in fact any of Mr. Howells's later stories with the possible exception of "The Son of Royal Langbrith" and "The Landlord at Lion's Head." There is a unity of plot, a coherence of motive, and a pictorial quality in the character drawing that make a real contribution to our novels of American life.

ARTHUR H. QUINN.

RECENT FICTION.*

Miss Ethel Sidgwick is one of the most individual of the English novelists of our day. Of course any first-rate novelist is individual; no one would read "These Twain" fancying even for a moment that it was by Mr. Wells, or "Victory" with the idea that it was by Mr. Galsworthy. Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. J. D. Beresford, Mr. Compton MacKenzie—to name a few others—are individual enough to keep each one in his own particular sphere. Miss Sidgwick, however, has a character rather more marked than any of them, or at least her books have. Superficially she reminds one of Henry James, but any such resemblance is as unimportant as in the case

of Mrs. Edith Wharton. Miss Sidgwick is preëminently what is called "a novelist of marked distinction"; she has to a very high degree her own view of life and her own way of expressing this view, and both are excellent.

"Hatchways" is not one of her best novels. It is presumably impossible for a novelist to be invariably at her best,—or his. Many people cannot read "Daniel Deronda," for instance, or "The Adventures of Philip." Perhaps it was inevitable that the readers of "A Lady of Leisure," "Duke Jones," and "Accolade" should be disappointed in what came next. In any case the present grievous state of things in England would have made impossible for an Englishwoman that sort of imaginative contemplation which, it may be supposed, is necessary to Miss Sidgwick's best work. However it be, "Hatchways," though it is obviously by no one but Miss Sidgwick, lacks the structural power that assembles representative ideas and the immediate imagination that makes them intelligible. Miss Sidgwick's method and her people are always subtle; here they are too subtle. In Miss Sidgwick's other books one is sometimes puzzled to know exactly what the author or her people are talking about, but there has generally heretofore been a confident feeling, bred of experience, that they were talking of something worth while. In "Hatchways" one is not so sure. The people are held in a less definite grasp and the plan in which they have their parts seems less definitely conceived.

A world governed by customs and traditions that are never mentioned, influenced by feelings and emotions that are rarely expressed,—that is the world as Miss Sidgwick conceives it, perhaps because the English world of leisured culture is the only one she knows, perhaps because she feels that all the world over people are pretty much alike. The Ashwins and the Ingestres are excellent types of the two kinds of people that are preëminent in such a world; the latter can comprehend in a measure but are usually too self-absorbed to care to do so, the former not only can comprehend but like to do so and even feel that they must do something more. The Duchess, and all the Oxboroughs, Adelaide Courtier, and Sam Coverack, are of the regular go-ahead type of English, often fairly clever, the kind probably that is to-day fighting the war. Ernestine Redgate and Sir George Trenchard are of the finer rarer kind that, one may hope, is directing the fighting. M. Gabriel du Fretay, the young Frenchman, understood them better than the others,

* HATCHWAYS. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard and Co. \$1.40.

THE VERMILION BOX. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.35.

SUSSEX GORSE. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.35.

which explains something of the logic of the Entente.

"Hatchways," though it does not give us so clear a notion of its author's world and her view of it as Miss Sidgwick's other books, gives it to us in much their manner. People and things are presented much as they are—without much direct narration, that is—and we are left to gather what we can. That is, of course, in the main, the method of life itself; we see people and hear them talk, but it is rarely that anybody tells us a finished story of his life and adventures. Miss Sidgwick is selective; she tells only those things that hang together; but she explains little, and, as a rule, is content to jot down things that are said and done and leave the rest to us. When one remembers that she is dealing with people who by habit and tradition do not express their emotional life openly, and who, when they do express themselves, have not the gift of eloquence that belongs to some other races, one can understand why Miss Sidgwick may be called subtle. But subtle or not she is always worth reading, and here, though there are no figures like Violet Ashwin and John Ingestre, there is yet much to interest and charm.

A very different sort of rendering of life, and yet almost as near the real thing, is Mr. Lucas's "The Vermilion Box." Now that our post boxes are painted green, it may not occur to us that a vermilion box is a post box, but in England presumably such is the case. Mr. Lucas's book is a loosely connected series of letters. Letters make an apparently realistic rendering of life; but actually they are not so real after all, for, though each letter may be an absolute rendering of reality, nobody but some unfortunate censor ever reads a collection of letters written by people of the same general group. Miss Sidgwick's mode of realization has a bit more to say for itself. We really do get a knowledge of people and their lives by seeing them do this and that, and by hearing them talk, even though their sayings and doings may appear irrelevant at the time; whereas one reads letters written to others only on rare occasions.

Mr. Lucas's book contains, however, a very entertaining set of letters to and from all sorts of people in England and is probably as characteristically English as Miss Sidgwick's,—and that in rather a broader if not deeper way. Those who write the letters are mostly of one family, but that is a matter of no especial importance, for they are a very representative set. They are practically all of one social class, the upper middle, I suppose,—not the same as Miss Sidgwick's upper

sphere but equally representative of England. They present all sorts of views of the war, or rather they all present the same view, but the different writers have varying feelings and very different ways of taking the view that they do take. There is Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Vincent Starr, the soldier on duty; Mr. Richard Haven, a bachelor over military age, reflective and humorous, but trying to find some way in which he can make his abilities useful; George Wiston, a retired brewer, "far from sanguine" (to use a mild expression) as to what is going on, sure that everything is being done wrong and that the country is being betrayed and going to the devil, and constantly writing to the papers; Lady Starr, a regular soldier's wife and mother; Mrs. Clayton-Mills, so absorbed in her son that she cannot bear to have him do anything; old Mrs. Haven, serious but resigned to the strange changes of the times and particularly to the change in the German character since the days of Mendelssohn. Then there are a lot of young ones,—Toby Starr, who immediately hustles into khaki, to camp, and to the front, carrying on a courtship by correspondence and finally getting a Victoria Cross; Richard Bernal, who gets married just before going to the front; and a number of other young people either joining the army or finding some sort of work in nursing. It is a most amusing book, full of observation and humor, and it supplies as well a light commentary on the course of English life during the war.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Sussex Gorse" is a different piece of work from either of the others. It is one of those long epic or biographic chronicles which deal with a decade as easily as an average book will deal with an hour; the action runs on for seventy years or so, during the lifetime of one indomitable man. Such a book can hardly tell its story with any such unhurrying subtlety as that of Miss Sidgwick or such unconnected self-expression as Mr. Lucas's. We must have things told us, and in such books as this,—and there have been many of late,—we get a sort of narration which is likely to become dry and lifeless. It does not often in Miss Kaye-Smith's book; her people are generally alive to her imagination; if she has occasion for a scene, it lives in her mind and she can tell it with realizing detail. But in the main such a book must be a chronicle of what has happened.

What happened in this case is rather an extraordinary thing. A farmer's lad, in 1835 or so, conceived the desire to become possessed of Boarzell Moor, on the outskirts of which

he had been born. The book tells how he becomes possessed of it. It takes him a long time, some seventy years, and costs him a great deal, everything he has in life, down, not to the uttermost farthing (for it really pays for itself), but to the uttermost bit of love, affection, and sympathy. He marries but it is with the desire for children to carry on the farm; his wife dies after having brought him half a dozen boys and a couple of girls. He looks on his children as helpers to his ambition, but they do not share his passionate desire for Boarzell; one after another, they rebel and break away to find success or failure, usually the latter. He himself becomes so absorbed in his own desire that he cannot understand any other, and so misses or throws away the love of the only person who seems really to have understood him. It is a grim sort of story, not by any means without power, nor without touches of tenderness by the way, but of rather an incomprehensible subject. This overmastering passion for the land,—that is something hard for us Americans to sympathize with; and this particular overmastering passion for a bit of wild land that no one had desired for centuries, seemed as hard for the people in the book to understand as it is for us.

Mr. Talbot Mundy's "King of the Khyber Rifles" is something very different from these three others, severally and generally. Those who read a good deal of fiction know the value of variety as well as do those who deal in physical diet. This is "a rattling story of adventure" in India,—in the Northwest of India at the present day. Those learned in literary history might perhaps dismiss it superciliously as a combination of "Kim" and "She," and others less particular might wish that Mr. Mundy would rid himself of some mannerisms and touches that seem to show the hand of the journey-man rather than of the master. But the question of literary originality is not an easy one; one can discover "sources" for "The Prisoner of Zenda" or "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," and yet certainly there was a great originality in each book.

But aside from such speculations, taken simply for what it is, Mr. Mundy's book is an excellent story. It is a study of a man in the Indian army who, on the outbreak of the war, instead of being wild to get to Europe to join in the general fight, desires to devote himself to the task of keeping India loyal to England until such time as the Colony grows beyond the need for leading strings. Athelstan King is of the fifth generation of Englishmen in the Indian army and his feeling

for India is too strong even for the blandishments of an almost mythical Yasmini. Yasmini herself, though rather over-weighted by the tremendous reputation given her, does excellently when she gets a chance, and at the end carries through what must be a surprise except for the most acute of novel-readers. All but the ultra-refined will follow with interest the tortuous journey of King in his effort to checkmate German influence and plots in the Northwest and will receive satisfaction from the suggestion that there may be more to say later of King and his redoubtable antagonist.

EDWARD E. HALE.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION.

Our Southern States afford America's nearest approach to the material of the average English author. There alone are the old families with traditions and dependents, the sharply drawn distinctions of class, the general atmosphere of long-established custom, which are so foreign to our kaleidoscopic national unrest. All too frequently this excellent material is ruined by an unskilled pen: But in "Kildares of Storm," by Eleanor Mercein Kelly (Century; \$1.40), we find a dramatic story well told, and told with an astonishing degree of respect for the intelligence and common sense of the reader. Kate Leigh had been wooed, won, and brought over the mountains by the last of the Kildares, whose Kentucky estate was the rallying-ground of all the sporting blood of the county. He ruled his people, as he ruled his dogs, with an undisputed grip. The full-blooded girl fell into the new life with the exultance of youth set free, until the children came, that is, and until Jacques Benoix, with his sympathy, his manliness, and with a charm which her husband lacked, gradually and unconsciously supplanted him in her affections. This is the background of the story. The tale itself concerns the fortunes of Kate Kildare, of Jacques, of his son Philip, and of the two highly strung daughters of "the Madam," as the county knew her. The novel is swiftly moving, "strong," and if not very elevated, at least extremely good reading.

"Sure, 'tis talk keeps the world going," Padna Dan and Micus Pat were wont to agree over their pipes and their warm punch. Seumas O'Brien in his collection of stories called "The Whale and the Grasshopper" (Little, Brown; \$1.35), recounts some of their talk—the philosophy that passed between the two armchairs before the fire, the yarns that were told, the shrewd comments on the times, and the shrewder comments on human nature. "'There are a lot of fools in the world, I'm thinking,' said the stranger. 'There are, thank God,' replied Micus." This is the spirit in which he greets life; its idiosyncrasies, its absurdities, its tragedies, are all grist for his wit, his charm, or his irony. As may be imagined, what

England calls "the Irish question" and also what Boston calls "the Irish question," come in for their share. The author treats them all with humor, beneath which lies oftentimes a keen dart, or perhaps a deeper protest. One of the best of his comments upon the question of Irish freedom he puts, quite fittingly, into the mouth of the Devil: "Ireland has always been a great brother to myself and England." Irish imagination at its best is a precious thing; and the reader may be assured of finding it at somewhere very near its best in "The Whale and the Grasshopper."

"Beef, Iron, and Wine" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.25), is so like a volume of stories by O. Henry that the effect is positively uncanny. Mr. Jack Lait, who is advertised as writing "a fresh, snappy, human story each day" for a Chicago newspaper, and "a human Arabian Nights tale each month" for a well-known magazine, has modeled his style, his subject matter, and his technique so closely on O. Henry that the comparison is inevitable. Mr. Lait has the whole bag of tricks, and it is only fair to say that he uses them with all the ease, confidence, and success of the master. He can produce a rabbit from the interior of a top-hat or a gold watch from the ear of a reader in the same surprising and delightful fashion as his great exemplar. And he tells a story almost as well. Certain qualities, the personality of genius, which O. Henry had, the tenderness of insight, the sympathy of complete understanding, cannot be imitated; they are copyrighted by God Almighty. But the accurate observation, the profound knowledge of life, particularly of life in the big city, the ability to make his characters vital in a few words, and to crack off his story like a snap of the whip,—all these he has in large measure. Every story or sketch in this volume, with the exception of "One Touch of Art," is an amazingly clever and successful performance. Perhaps as Mr. Lait acquires more renown, he may abandon the imitative style he now employs and create a new epic of American Nights entertainment. Whatever he does will be interesting. In spite of his horrible diurnal fecundity one may look with anticipation for a new book from his pen.

When a good humorist turns to tragedy, there are few more effective than he. The result is always a little surprising—illogically enough; for the manufacture of humor is a far more serious business than the creation of pathos. It is not strange that Irvin S. Cobb, who writes with a true gift for humor, should prove equally effective when he becomes serious, as he does occasionally in his collection of stories called "Local Color." (Doran; \$1.35.) His title-story describes the adventure of a struggling author who courts local color as a prisoner in Sing-Sing. It tells of his gradual descent to the level of his associates, until, his term completed, he is ready to commit his experiences to paper, and discovers himself not only in the position, but actually in the state of mind of the released, sullen convict. The story is very moving, very convincing. But Mr. Cobb cannot long remain tragic. In "First Corinthians" he recites the humorous history of the East-Side

Finkelsteins, whom charity adopts with bewildering results. "Smooth Crossing" is a very neatly constructed tale of criminal and detective. And perhaps the most typical of the lot is a newspaper story, "Enter the Villain," which Mr. Cobb asserts to be absolutely moral-less. Moral or no moral, it is excellent. The author's pictures of American local color suggest a great deal that is not directly painted in. They are something more than entertaining.

A delightful compound of psychotherapy and high spirits is "Richard Richard" by Hughes Mearns (Penn; \$1.35). An unambitious dabbler in the modern black arts takes upon himself the cure of the alcoholically inclined scion of the house of Wells, which is distinctly the first family of Penn Yan, N. Y. The Wells estate is a Southern plantation transplanted to the shores of Keuka Lake, and the family has the full measure of Virginia indifference to mere financial routine. So it is fortunate that Richard Richard proves to be fabulously wealthy. The plot does not cut very deeply into the structure of life, perhaps; but the dialogue is quite delightful. There are moments when it suggests Locke, and others when it outdoes Mr. Dooley; it conveys painlessly and without insistence the modicum of psychology necessary to the reader. There are bits of acute analysis throughout.

Katherine Metcalf Roof has written in "The Stranger at the Hearth" (Small, Maynard; \$1.35), one of the analytical, intellectual novels we expect from certain American woman writers. The story presents two antitheses—that between the Anglo-Saxon America of our fathers and the present melting-pot, and that between the Anglo-Saxon and Latin understanding of love. The social contrast forms a continuous background to the plot. The author is not of those who look with hope to the future of America: One wonders what she would say to Mary Antin, or Mary Antin to her! She sees in the break-up of the old tradition the cataclysmic descent of the hordes of barbarism. From a hundred unexpected points of view she presents the picture of the alien over-running New York, as seen through the eyes of an exquisite American woman married to an Italian. She finds society vulgarized by the children of immigrants, shops and streetcars filled with jostling masses of inarticulate peasants, the English tongue a rarity, courtesy the last heritage of the waning aristocracy. The tragedy of the plot lies in the innate lack of sympathy between the American Nina Varesca and her count. Upon her return to her own country, she draws comparisons between his alternating inconstancy and demonstrativeness, and the companionable love exemplified in one of her compatriots. Her husband is not capable of trusting her, and she is unable to take him seriously until the final misapprehension has driven him to suicide.

Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale is a feminist, and believes that women are individuals. The individual at the centre of "The Nest-Builders" (Stokes; \$1.35) does not clamor for independence and self-development, but she has a sure, relent-

less tendency toward home-making and striking root in the community. She is a well-bred and fine-spirited English girl, so beautiful that artists find her their inspiration, and so talented that she can at any moment become completely self-supporting. (This relief from economic tension gives a heroine an unfair advantage.) She marries a genius of difficult and egotistical temperament, who loves her for her beauty and hates the shackles of domesticity to which she clings. Children are an annoyance to him; to her, the central motive. The alienation of the lovers is told sympathetically, and distinctly from the woman's point of view. The author, with much simplicity, assumes certain feminine truisms which are outside the psychology of a man even of the genius of Galsworthy. The story is rounded out by a catastrophe, epic and moving, rather than by a solution. Stefan Byrd dies a man, giving his life to France in the great war, and leaves Mary to fulfil her destiny without him. There could be no other happy ending to this conflict of temperaments.

"I do not believe it is moral to regulate life by considering the desire to remain undisturbed of those that are decayed and petrified." So we should all agree, probably, differing only in our definitions of petrification. But June Ferriss, the advanced heroine of Ethelyn Leslie Huston's novel, "The Towers of Ilium" (Doran; \$1.35), adopted the extract in its entirety, refusing to renew her illegal marriage with the father of her child for the immoral reason (so the world regarded it) that she did not love him. June possessed the forcefulness, the sincerity, the strength, of her exemplar Ellen Key; she also possessed something of the obscurity, and her author much of the verbosity, of the writer of "Love and Marriage." It is a clever turn of plot that provides exactly the situation whereby Mrs. Huston can prove her case. She does not outrage the feelings of the conventional by conscious immorality on the part of her heroine; but, having pushed the girl into the required situation, she lets her act and speak in accordance with her perfectly justifiable standards of conduct. It is all very neat and very interesting; but we wish that she had not resorted to a trick. We wish, too, that her tale had been shorter. The best of it shows the development of the child June, her dawning maturity, her premature grumbling by the forces of the city, leading to her fight for the unfortunate, and to the ideals which were to govern her own precarious existence. June's subsequent career, save in the light of a trial of strength, is not very absorbing. But June herself is absorbing, and the people who surround her are equally real. The argument which lies behind their several characters, desires, and existences is also a very real, if debatable, one to present-day readers.

The conscientious objector enters fiction in most attractive guise in "Quaker-Born" by Ian Campbell Hannah (Shaw; \$1.35). Edward Alexander, a millionaire undergraduate of Cambridge, has been brought up a Quaker by his devout and spiritual mother. At the outbreak of the war, and

especially after the bombardment of Scarborough, he is almost swept away into enlisting, but on her death-bed she re-imbues him with his faith in the righteousness of non-resistance. So, misunderstood by his friends, he goes to serve as a non-combatant with the Ambulance, is reported killed, and finally comes back wounded, to marry the daughter of the Master of his college, a girl who had accidentally kissed him in an early chapter. The tale is told with a rollicking good-humor that reminds one of Jerome K. Jerome, Ian Hay, and other British jesters. Occasionally the sophistication of the style lapses into what one can only call "kiddishness." The psychology of the high-spirited Quaker is indicated in a conventionalized way, from the standpoint of resulting action. There is a pompous and hypocritical M. P. who is most satisfactorily outwitted in his pretensions to the hand of the heroine.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The China Year Book.

No one desiring to be well informed in regard to affairs in the Orient can afford to be without "The China Year Book," edited by Messrs. Bell and Woodhead (Routledge, \$3.75). The failure of the editors to issue an edition for 1915, owing to the European war, renders the volume for 1916, just from the press, the more valuable. It is scarcely desirable to list the subjects treated in this handy reference book, for the reason that the list appears to be wellnigh complete, and any partial mention of subjects would only serve to mislead. The table of contents shows thirty main heads, ranging from geography to trade-marks, each of these heads minutely subdivided for easy reference, and each subdivision treated seemingly with painstaking accuracy and in surprising detail. The book should lie upon the desk of every newspaper man who writes, either as editor or as reporter, about the Far East, and on the shelves of all students of the Orient or of contemporary international affairs.

From the notebooks of John Muir.

No reader of John Muir's account of his boyhood and youth can have closed the book without wishing for a sequel. And now the sequel appears in "A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf," covering, it is true, only a little more than half a year (September, 1867, to April, 1868), but acceptably bridging the gap between "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth" and "My First Summer in the Sierra"—excepting an interval of a few months, which a letter added to the journal of the walk to the gulf is made to cover. Not polished as a work of literature, but perhaps none the worse for that, is the hasty journal now given to waiting readers by Mr. William Frederic Badé, who seems to have discharged his editorial duties faithfully and well. He had at his disposal both the original journal, interlined and amplified by its author, and a type-written rough copy, dictated to a stenographer and slightly revised; also two separate elabora-

tions of the journalist's sojourn in Savannah, where he camped for a week in a graveyard—strange choice of an open-air bed-chamber. Views from photographs, with two sketches by Mr. Muir, illustrate the long tramp, and a map shows its course. (Houghton Mifflin; \$2.50.)

Adding to the Irving-Brevoort correspondence.

"The Letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving" (Putnam; \$10.), edited by George S. Hellman, and eked out by an extended Introduction and a number of other Brevoort papers, fill two attractive volumes uniform with the letters of Irving to Brevoort published last year. Henry Brevoort was a member of a distinguished New York family, a prominent and public-spirited citizen, and according to all the information we possess, a cultured and likable man; but most persons will read these letters because of their recipient, rather than because of their author. Those here given, which are from the family papers in possession of Brevoort's grandson, Mr. Grenville Kane, bear dates from 1811 to 1843, and are written from various places—New York, Mackinac, Paris, London. They deal pleasantly with neighborhood, family, and personal matters, but they show nothing that is new regarding Irving's character, and reveal no important biographical facts. The supplementary material includes four letters from Irving to Brevoort not contained in the earlier volumes. To all appearances these letters are better edited than were those of Irving to Brevoort, though the means of testing accuracy are not so readily available. At all events, the introductions and occasional notes explain some of the more obscure references to persons and places. A slip like "Clare" as the title of John Howard Payne's drama (Vol. II., p. 162) may be due to careless proof-reading.

Caricatures of satire.

"A Book of Burlesques," by H. L. Mencken (Lane; \$1.25), is exactly the sort of thing it purports to be, and exactly the sort of thing that readers of "The Smart Set" have long been familiar with. It is enough, perhaps, to say that Mr. Mencken is well practised in its manufacture, and that these newly published burlesques are fairly representative of his degree of proficiency. Burlesque is not a thing to chuckle over; it is not straight humor, laying bare the incongruity of things. Nor does it invite thought like satire. Satire, when it is good, strips the covering from something inherently absurd or pernicious. Not so burlesque, which takes any and every subject for its travesty, making fun of anything within its range of vision by means of exaggeration and incongruity of phrasing,—“so to speak,” as Mr. Mencken would add. The conversation of pallbearers at a funeral, a concert programme, a church before a wedding, Cheops building his pyramid, two Americans viewing an Alpine sunset,—these are a few of his subjects. They are perfectly legitimate subjects for travesty—provided you want to take the trouble. But they are so ordinary that you have to take a great deal of trouble, and employ quantities of

hyperbole, to save your travesty from being equally ordinary. Mr. Mencken occasionally over-reaches himself, exaggerating to the very brink of meaninglessness—so to speak. His burlesques are veritable caricatures of satire.

The length and breadth of English drama.

The present reviewer (like many another delver in this field, doubtless) has had the need for a compact and properly edited collection of English plays so often brought home to him by the importunities of would-be readers that he was prepared to welcome any attempt to fill the gap. But to tell the truth, the feat performed by Professors Tatlock and Martin in their single volume entitled "Representative English Plays" (Century, \$2.50) fairly took his breath away. The boldness of the plan is apparent from the table of contents, on which twenty-five titles stand for the whole length and breadth of English drama—Shakespeare alone excepted—from "Noah's Flood" to a society comedy that still holds the boards. In order to bring the collection within these narrow confines, the editors state in the preface that it was impossible to include "all celebrated or influential plays or plays of all types." Thus in the eighteenth century, for example, no specimen is given of either the ballad opera or the bourgeois tragedy. Many Elizabethan and Restoration plays of world fame had to be omitted as well as plays of transitional decades especially interesting to the student since they represent the decline of one tradition and the rise of another. It is less surprising that little space should be allotted to the minor creative periods. But in the case at least of the interval of over sixty years between "The School for Scandal" and "The Lady of Lyons," there is a break in the continuity which can hardly be said to be bridged by the one intervening play, Shelley's "Cenci," which belongs to the closest rather than the legitimate drama. It is true that during the Napoleonic upheaval, the London public seems to have supported dramatic entertainments of as low an order of merit as, according to Mr. Archer, it is doing in the present world catastrophe. But from the welter of early nineteenth century farces, extravaganzas, and spectacles, one or two pieces might well have been singled out, if only to illustrate the trend of the times. Within limits, however, the editors of this volume of plays have chosen with much wisdom. In only two or three instances out of the twenty-five is there likely to be general objection. One is the selection of "Edward the Second" to represent Marlowe, whereby the reader is deprived of what should be his inalienable right—the "mighty line" of "Tamburlaine" or "Faustus." The other is the choice of Dryden's "Conquest of Granada" instead of "All for Love," even though, as the editors contend, there is good reason to desire the reader to be bored with the former instead of being thrilled by the latter. It is question of the historical versus the literary attitude. The introductions and notes supply with rigid economy of space the information necessary for understanding each play and for setting it in its

true perspective. Along with a summary of the accepted critical estimates, there are many fresh impressions, and there is throughout a praiseworthy absence of the stereotyped phrase. In some instances it is regrettable that clarity is sacrificed to informality, and the looseness of certain of the statements may be challenged. Just what, for example, does this assertion mean with reference to "The Way of the World": "All that saves the plot from being farce is that there are no farcical situations"? Or this comment upon the "cynical impudence" of "The School for Scandal": "It is acceptable because the play is a work of art, not a study of human character"? The bibliography is on a sensible scale and it is well adapted to the general purposes of the book. One omission, that of Dr. Bernbaum's "The Drama of Sensibility," may be noted in an otherwise satisfactory and suggestive list.

Catholicism and peace.

"The Problem of Human Peace," by Malcolm Quin (T. Fisher Unwin), is not likely to exercise much influence in securing peace. To begin with, admitting that Christianity has for nineteen hundred years failed to contribute measurably toward producing peace, he holds that only through "Scientific Catholicism" can peace ever come. By Catholicism he means the Church of Rome with all its institutions, including the papacy; by scientific Catholicism he means evolutionary religion and faith recognizing the discoveries of science and reason, in short, Catholicism as the Modernist would have it. That solid advantage would come to the cause of peace through forward-looking and greater acceptance of scientific knowledge is beyond doubt. That this must of necessity be linked with the Catholic Church is wholly arbitrary, and is likewise a peculiarly embarrassing condition, seeing that Pope Leo X. condemned the Modernist view of Catholicism which is here advanced as a power for peace. Before peace comes by this route the Catholic Church itself will have to be convinced of the Catholicism Mr. Quin is advocating.

The tragic death of Emile Verhaeren, who was crushed while trying to board a train at Rouen on November 27, is a loss not to Belgium alone but to the world. For Verhaeren, while in a peculiar sense the spokesman of his people, had found, for our confused and aspiring civilization, a voice that carried far beyond the borders of his own land. Influenced in his youth by Hugo and the Romantics, he early found his true way, and his first published work exhibited a robust and joyous naturalism. He was preëminently a singer of the modern world, poet of democracy and industrialism, who dreamed of a time when local jealousies might be swept aside and when the energy that he delighted to celebrate might express itself in an international movement for a more habitable world. It is a part of the pathos of his death that it should have come at a time when events had shown how illusory, or at least how premature, were his most passionate dreams.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

II.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

To have met Edward FitzGerald, if only for a moment and for a brief interchange of courteous commonplaces, is almost enough to justify a man in writing his autobiography. Mr. Edward Clodd, well known as an admirer of and writer about FitzGerald, had the pleasure just indicated, and also was blessed with some acquaintance with that eccentric recluse's old friend, Mary Lynn, who once allowed Mr. Clodd to copy one of Edward's (thus she always called him) letters to her—letters too familiar to be surrendered to Mr. Aldis Wright for the collection he was publishing. This letter Mr. Clodd reproduces in his "Memories," one of the most engaging, most seductive books of its kind. A mere list of names from the table of contents will fire the reader with a desire for the book. Grant Allen, W. K. Clifford, Huxley, Spencer, Du Chaillu, Whymper, Meredith, Gissing, Andrew Lang, Moncure Conway, Sir Richard and Lady Burton—these are a few of the many interesting persons he knew and writes about. Portraits, of course, are not wanting. (Putnam; \$3.)

Theatre-managers like the late Charles Frohman are born, not made. From the day when, as a boy of eight, he succeeded, to his great joy, in selling a souvenir book of "The Black Crook" at a profit of seventeen cents, to the time of his management of more theatres than he could well keep accurate count of, he burned with a single enthusiasm—that for the stage, though he never, except once as a lad, trod its boards in public. The biography of this prince of showmen now comes very acceptably to hand in a handsome volume of generous proportions, written by Mr. Isaac F. Marcossan and Mr. Daniel Frohman (Charles's elder brother), and entitled "Charles Frohman: Manager and Man." Such abounding vitality, so cheery an optimism, so romantic a temperament united with such practical sagacity, will not soon find their equal, either in the theatrical world or elsewhere. "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure of life," were the reassuring words with which, joining hands with a little company of friends, he went smiling to his ocean grave on the deck of the "Lusitania." Sir James Barrie contributes a prefatory "appreciation," cordial, affectionate, gently humorous, and the book is profusely illustrated. (Harper; \$2.)

Admiral C. C. Penrose FitzGerald resumes the history of his seafaring in a substantial volume entitled "From Sail to Steam" (with no apologies to Admiral Mahan), a sequel to "Memories of the Sea." These new "naval recollections" cover the years 1878-1905, from the author's first appointment to the command of a vessel down to his retirement from sea-service and his engaging in other activities for the good of the Empire. Naturally he advocates a strong armament, and with Lord Roberts he called for conscription long before the present war broke out. Current military and naval events are made to contribute to

the significance of the writer's backward glances, and his oldtime memories of the German Kaiser are placed in sharp contrast with present impressions of that ruler. Thus the book has no lack of piquancy amid its general readability. Sketches from the author's pencil help to illustrate his chapters, and portraits are added. (Longmans; \$3.50.)

Humor and drollery of the first quality abound in Mr. James F. Fuller's random reminiscences, for which he coins a Latin word (easily intelligible) as title. "Omniana" is explained in a sub-title as "the Autobiography of an Irish Octogenarian." Architecture, engineering, authorship, the stage, and one would hesitate to say how many more vocations and avocations have enlisted the abounding energies of this variously gifted son of Erin. Interested in everything conceivable, he has apparently led a cheerfully active life and achieved at least average success, though he humorously laments his lot in having one of the unlucky names. John, Henry, William, Edward, and Thomas are of good omen; James, Charles, and Francis are not. He seeks in vain for a conspicuously successful James. How about the late railway magnate of Great Northern fame? There are so many good and quotable things in this entertaining book that the only safe course is to resist the temptations to quote at all, lest one should go too far. Numerous portraits are inserted, for the writer knew many persons of note, who help to make his book one that cannot easily be laid aside unfinished. (Dutton; \$3.)

Mr. C. Silvester Horne's centennial biography of David Livingstone appears in a new edition among the season's books. Accounted a worthy tribute to the great explorer whose achievements were especially commemorated three years ago, the little volume is still a handy and readable book, skillfully epitomizing, from Livingstone's own journals and letters, the main events of his active and useful life. The dozen pictorial presentations of significant scenes and situations in that life are necessarily imaginative, in great part, but they add to the book's attractiveness for young readers, who will hardly find a better account of the man and missionary than Mr. Horne's. (Macmillan; \$1.25.)

Missionary life in the Far East is the subject of Mrs. George Churchill's "Letters from My Home in India," edited and arranged by the writer's friend, Mrs. Grace McLeod Rogers. By a strange omission, apparently designed rather than inadvertent, the letter-writer's name fails to appear on the title-page, that of the compiler occupying the place of honor; but on the cover Mrs. Churchill comes into her own. The inference is, after examining the book, that these familiar letters have stood considerable "editing," as would be the case with most correspondence on its way to publication, and they would not suffer if still further revised. But they tell an interesting story of devoted service in a worthy cause through the best part of a lifetime—from 1873 to the time of publication, with the prospect of still further continuance in the same work. Portraits and views are reproduced from photographs. (Doran; \$1.35.)

The "father of Imperial Penny Postage," England's second Rowland Hill, is agreeably presented by his daughter, Mrs. Adrian Porter, in "The Life and Letters of Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bt." The baronet certainly earned his title, for it is claimed by his admirers that his postal reforms contributed no little to the welding of the Empire in unconscious preparation for the present severe test of its solidity and strength. After a brief chapter of formal biography Mrs. Porter shows the many-sidedness of the man by describing him, and allowing others to describe him, in various capacities and situations. As he had a talent for making friends, the book naturally abounds in references to and tributes from many of his contemporaries, including persons of universal celebrity and interest. It is well illustrated. (Lane; \$3.)

Singularly attractive to the apostles of new faiths has been the little town of Harvard, Mass., rendered historic by Bronson Alcott and his brief Fruitlands experiment, and before that by the coming of the Shakers, and still earlier by the advent of Shadrack Ireland, the New Light preacher. Near by, also, the Millerites selected a spot whence they expected an early translation to a better world. It is of the Shakers, however, that Miss Clara Endicott Sears has to tell us in her second book about this remarkable town. Her first, it will be recalled, revived fading memories of the short-lived community established by Alcott. Now she goes further back to Mother Ann Lee and her followers, with whose fortunes Harvard is inseparably associated. "Gleanings from Old Shaker Journals" is evidently the outcome of years of intimacy with the Harvard Shakers, and manuscript sources that perhaps no other writer could have had access to are made to yield an abundance of curious matter in these chapters of mingled biography and religious history. Many views and portraits are inserted. (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.)

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

Never has there been a better time than now for the publication in English of books about Russia. England's Muscovite ally is an object of cordial interest to all Englishmen and also to many Americans. Accordingly Miss Rosa Newmarch has done well to defer until now the issue of her long meditated book on "The Russian Arts." For nearly twenty years the work has been taking shape in her mind, and though she had wished to make it far more comprehensive than has been found practicable, she has certainly brought together, in what she now offers concerning Russian architecture, painting, and sculpture, much that is new to most readers as well as important in any survey of so considerable a field. The usual illustrative accompaniment to such a work is not wanting. (Dutton; \$2.)

Blue china of English make but decorated with American scenes, American portraits, and even scraps of American literature, such as Franklin's maxims, was common in our grandparents' time. The reason that the Staffordshire potters thus ignored the claims of their native scenery and celebrities in their manufactures for the transat-

lantic trade was, of course, purely commercial; and though they doubtless received good prices for their wares, they could have had no provision of the high value to be placed by a later generation on those not always artistically pleasing pieces of table equipment. Collectors of old china will greatly enjoy "The Blue-China Book," by Mrs. Ada Walker Camehl. It is a work of research, diligence, and expert knowledge. No small section of American history is decipherable in these richly illustrated plates and platters and cups and saucers, of which Mrs. Camehl tells us so many interesting things. The delicate reproductions, on full-page plates, are fairly bewildering in number. Most of them are, as was to be expected, in blue. Others, even when described as blue, are otherwise represented. Blacks and pinks partially belie the book's title. A check-list of Anglo-American pottery and a description of the White House collection of "Presidential China," with other supplementary matters, are appended. (Dutton; \$5.)

Adornment of the domicile may be made a fine art, and as such it is discussed by Miss Grace Wood and Miss Emily Burbank in their attractive work on "The Art of Interior Decoration." Its fundamental principles, they tell us in the preface, are three, each expressed in a single word: harmony, simplicity, spaces. In the concluding chapter, however, these principles are restated as four in number: good lines, correct proportions, harmonious color scheme, appropriateness. Besides explicit directions for the furnishing of rooms, there are chapters on the successive periods in furniture styles, and some attention is paid to the collecting of antiques. While a long purse is needed if one is to make the best practical use of the book, a person of moderate means will find useful suggestions in its pages. The illustrations from photographs are of great beauty. (Dodd, Mead; \$2.50.)

Horticulture is a theme not always handled with both expert knowledge and more than a modicum of literary skill. Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, an English authority on gardening, contributed lately to the London "Times" a series of short letters on matters horticultural, and these were so well received as to lead to their collection in book form. "Studies in Gardening," as the volume is entitled, will appeal to American garden-lovers in its American edition, which enjoys the advantage of being prefaced and annotated by Mrs. Francis King, author of "The Well-Considered Garden." A useful introduction of some length is also supplied by Mr. Clutton-Brock. For the cottager of moderate means rather than the millionaire dweller in a palace these brief and practical chapters on flowers and shrubs, beds and borders, annuals and perennials, soils and climatic conditions, with numerous other related topics, are evidently intended. Mrs. King's footnotes help to adapt the book to American use, and her preface is a fine kindler of horticultural enthusiasm. (Scribner; \$2.)

Under the heading, "Garden Ornaments," Miss Mary H. Northend writes understandingly and

with a simple charm of style concerning the varied equipment of a well-ordered garden, from rude stepping stones in grass walks to marble bird-baths and graceful fountains. The matter is divided into ten chapters, and is fully illustrated with views from gardens belonging to the writer's friends. Formality rather than the careless luxuriance and irregularity of nature characterize most of these illustrative examples. Garden walks, seats, pools, steps, entrances, fountains, sundials, pergolas, arches, and tea houses, with necessary attention to the floral features of the garden, have supplied topics for a treatise of respectable proportions. The author is well versed in matters pertaining to the house beautiful and its surroundings, as is proved by her works on domestic architecture, notably her "Remodeled Farmhouses" of a year ago. (Duffield; \$2.50.)

POETRY.

Finely fitting in lightness, grace, airy fancifulness, are Mr. William Griffith's verses on the "Loves and Losses of Pierrot." Pierrot, Pierrette, Harlequin, Columbine, Yvonne, Scar-amouche — with these names to inspire him, what wonder that he has written a pleasing little book of poems? Of the twenty-two in the book, that in memory of Pierrette is perhaps the most beautiful, as it certainly is the most touching. It ends thus:

She went so softly and so soon—
Sh!—hardly made a stir;
But going took the stars and moon
And sun away with her.

Mr. Rodney Thomson contributes a frontispiece and decorative tailpieces. (Shores; \$1.)

To the lover of the austere in art, of strict observance of form, of an instinctive avoidance of extremes, the luxurious volume offered by Mr. James H. Worthington and Mr. Robert P. Baker, under the unpunctuated title, "Sketches in Poetry Prose Paint and Pencil," will not appeal. The poetry ranges from free verse to verse less free, but not strictly fettered by the rules of rhyme and rhythm; and it is all, with the very rare use of a dash, unpunctuated. The same breathless incoherence marks the prose, which contents itself with the comma and the period, and perhaps a dash once in a dozen pages, as indications of breaks in the continuity of the thought. Here is a brief section — one cannot call it a sentence — of the prose: "But to attain love is to reach with finite hands and grasp the infinite it cannot be possessed, yet he who accepts less of life, is guilty of base prostitution, for love is a direction not a goal, it is as the north and not the pole." (The last two clauses seem to have strayed in from the poetry division.) Perhaps this quotation, short though it is, will indicate the general tenor of Mr. Worthington's compositions. Mr. Baker's pictorial contributions may be described in his own words: they "are not intended as slavish illustrations of any particular moment of time or quotation but rather as allegorical renderings of the artist's views of the general tendency of the thoughts permeating the author's work." It is a striking and unusual volume. (Lane; \$15.)

Darwin has said that "progress in history means the decline of phantasy and the advance of thought,"—a truth illustrated by the gradual passing of the tavern sign and the substitution thereof of a bald name or perhaps of a meaningless number. "Old Tavern Signs: An Excursion in the History of Hospitality," by Mr. Fritz Endell, is a notable book of a rather unusual kind. As to its genesis, the author tells us, "first it was the fligree quality and the beauty of the delicate tracery of the wrought-iron signs of southern Germany that attracted his attention." Then their symbolism engaged his study, and he could not stop until he had pushed his researches as far back as possible and reported his findings in this artistic volume, which he himself lavishly illustrates with drawings of much quaintness and charm. English and Continental (especially German) signs contribute chiefly to the making of the book. A bibliography of forty titles is added, and an index follows. The edition is limited to 550 copies. (Houghton Mifflin; \$5.)

From an old chest of John Hay's have been brought forth a score of unpublished poems suitable for publication, and a dozen or more uncollected pieces are added. These thirty-three examples of the statesman's mastery of a finer art than diplomacy are now incorporated in a handsome volume, limited in its edition, containing also the poems already familiar to the public. A four-page introduction, explanatory and appreciative, is contributed by the poet's son, Mr. Clarence L. Hay. So undesirous of publicity, or even of a well-earned fame, was Mr. Hay that he kept back or published anonymously many of his finest pieces of verse. It is a satisfaction indeed to have now "The Complete Poetical Works" of the creator of Jim Bludso. A fine portrait of Hay, in photogravure, adorns this tastefully made volume. (Houghton Mifflin; \$5.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

A very riot of the imagination, riotously expressed in picture and text, is offered in "The Clan of Munes," by Mr. Frederick J. Waugh, N.A. A clever little wizard from the North created this numerous clan out of gnarled and twisted spruce trees. In the words of the book, he "cunningly joined together these fragments of spruce-trees until he had made him several little wooden images. Two of them he recognized at once as looking very much like Adam and Eve, while the rest were just munes. But it did not matter much which was Adam and which was Eve"—nor does anything very much matter in so arbitrarily whimsical, confusingly chaotic a construction as this freak of the artist-author's imagination. But his wizard from the North has as much right to create a race of living beings out of spruce knots as Cadmus had to make men of dragon's teeth, or Democleion and Pyrrha to turn stones into men and women. The ample form of the book admits of astonishing extravagances in illustration, some rioting in color, others more subdued, but all extraordinary, to say the least. (Scribner, \$2.50.)

Nearly thirty-two years have passed since the whimsical Whistler gathered an audience of the

London elect, at ten o'clock in the evening, to hear his now famous lecture on art. "Ten O'Clock," accordingly, has ever since been the name attached to this unique performance. First published in 1888, it has been four times reproduced in this country, and now appears in a fifth American edition, sumptuous in form, with a foreword by Mr. Don C. Seitz and an appendix containing Swinburne's venomous article (Thackeray's "hurricane" indeed) on the lecture, from the "Fortnightly"; the artist's rejoinder, under the caption, "Et Tu Brute," from "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies"; the letter, "Freeing a Last Friend," from the same pen; and Swinburne's fine poem, "Before the Mirror," a tribute to his friend's art written long before the rupture. Explanatory notes by the publisher are usefully added here and there through the book, which is printed in a limited edition on Van Gelder hand-made paper and tastefully bound and boxed. (Mosher; \$2.)

Few know better than Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts how to present in descriptive narrative the romance and also the pathos and the tragedy of animal life from the animal's point of view. Ten of his animal stories are collected in an alluring volume under the title, "The Secret Trails." Black boars, bull moose, patient oxen, dogs of war (in the latest meaning of the term), and other interesting representatives of dumb-animal life fill Mr. Roberts's pages. A very effective chapter reveals the too little known tragedy of the aigrette. Pictures of stirring events in the lives of the characters of the book accompany the narrative. (Macmillan; \$1.35.)

"Papers on Playmaking," in five thin volumes, compose the third series of "Publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University." The papers are reprints, with introductions and notes. First comes Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letter to the London "Spectator," July 2, 1898, on the genesis of "The Tempest." Mr. Ashley H. Thorndike writes a preface and notes. Next is a collection of letters from Augier, the younger Dumas, Sardou, Zola, and other French dramatists, on "How to Write a Play," with an introduction by Mr. William Gillette and notes by Professor Brander Matthews. The third volume contains "A Stage Play," by W. S. Gilbert, prefaced by Mr. William Archer, and annotated by Professor Matthews. In volume four we have Francisque Sarcey's treatise, "A Theory of the Theater," introduced and annotated by Professor Matthews. Finally, an extra volume gives "A Catalog of Models and of Stage-Sets in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University." Every autumn, beginning with 1914, has seen the issue of a series of four papers on some theme connected with the stage, and the issue is to continue, being designed especially for the benefit of interested persons unable to visit the Dramatic Museum. (Printed for the Museum; subscription price, \$5.)

A pleasing oddity in book-manufacture comes from the Abingdon Press with a brief but impressive Christmas lesson. "Gifts from the Desert," by Mr. Fred B. Fisher, conveys the message of Ram-Sahai, Hindu sage and preacher, as taken from the speaker's lips and translated by Mr.

Fisher. It is a short sermon on the text, "They presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." The significance of these offerings is strikingly explained by this real or imaginary wise man of the East. A preface (or "introduction," of obvious Latin derivation) appropriately calls attention to the abundance of oriental imagery and symbolism in the Bible. Illustrations and decorations are supplied by Mr. Harold Speakman. (Abingdon Press; 50 cts.)

A book for mothers to write and then to read over and over again with never-failing delight is offered in the form of a daintily illustrated album, with "Baby's Journal" printed on cover and title-page. Blank and partly blank pages are provided in sufficient number to hold the records of Baby's first two years of memorable sayings and doings. Page-headings suggest the proper order and arrangement of these entries, and space is provided for the statistics of the infant's initial condition and subsequent development. The colored decorative drawings by Miss Blanche Fisher Wright are all that Baby and his biographer could desire. (Scribner; \$2.)

The average man, says the statistician, stands sixteen chances of being killed by lightning to one of becoming a millionaire. Hence the wisdom of early forming a conception of happiness that has nothing to do with wealth. As a help to such rational envisagement of the future one might do worse than to read "The Way to Easy Street," by Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond, who tells us that this desirable thoroughfare "is a happy condition, but is arrived at, not by a state of finances, but rather by a state of mind. It is a subjective condition of wisdom, and the eager pursuit of wealth does not lead that way." Incident and anecdote help agreeably to point Mr. Desmond's moral. Citing from Dr. George M. Gould's works on eye-strain, he erroneously makes this Philadelphia specialist an Englishman. The book is flexibly and neatly bound, and is boxed. (McClurg; 50 cts.)

Not the light-hearted joy of Christmas, not its jollity and merriment as known to youth, but the tender melancholy, the sweetly sad remembrances, the nameless regrets that the season brings to those of maturer years, form the subject of Mr. Lawrence Gilman's miniature volume entitled "A Christmas Meditation." As explained in a prefatory note, the little book is a reprint of an editorial written for "Harper's Weekly" six years ago. Its reissue in its present shape is welcome. (Dutton; 25 cts.)

Would you achieve success? Then ponder the Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters's "Seven Secrets of Success," which are briefly stated thus: "Do your best. Be determined to succeed. Your opportunity your chance. Have an all-controlling purpose. Work to win. Don't stand still. Cultivate a pleasing personality." To the discussion of these seven principles are added "other talks on making good." Illustrative instances are not lacking in the author's brief elaboration of his successive themes. The short paragraph of a few lines or of even less than a line is freely used as

a typographical aid to emphasis. (McBride; 75 cts.)

Conduct, possessing as it does even more importance than Matthew Arnold assigned to it, is a theme of perennial interest. President Henry Churchill King gives some useful hints concerning right conduct in his little book, "It's All in the Day's Work," which is written from "a point of view that aims not to make too much of any single incident in the day's work; that takes what comes, to face it thoughtfully and energetically, and turns with undiminished energy to the next thing." Good bracing counsel, such as the young men and women at Oberlin or anywhere else may profit by, abounds in Dr. King's pages. It is a book for all who wish to acquit themselves well in the battle of life. (Macmillan; 50 cts.)

FINDING THE BEST IN THE JUVENILE BOOK HARVEST.

The obligations imposed on the book reviewer at this season of the year are manifold. He must, in a way, satisfy the interests of many people. But we narrow our duties down to two insistent channels, whenever we are confronted by a hundred or more gaily caparisoned volumes clamoring to be read. We know that in a cursory article such as this is destined to be, we must, within the limited limits of space, give a fair representation of the juvenile literary crop for Christmas, and pay due regard to "standards." Without "standards" in the choice of books for girls and boys, you might just as well order your story over the telephone, giving, as a gauge to the clerk, the height of your child and the color of his hair.

After reaching a fairly numbed state, with "juvenile readers cramp," so to speak, we always pause amidst the deluge, and pick out those persistent products of the Juvenile Book Harvest that still make us conscious of their existence. Do not, however, infer from this that "we are" the tired book reviewer. We look forward to our obligations of each season with zest; literary fads in the child realm are curious phenomena, with curious reasons, educational — wise and otherwise — for their being. Because we have determined certain "standards" of reading for children, we are against the myriad editions of re-told legends and fairy tales; we anathematize the "series" as a useless dead-weight of reproduction. But we do not overlook any book because of these prejudices.

Fortunately, each year brings to light a few books of the exceptional order — the kind we should add to our "standard" list. Mind you, we can narrow down a "standard" list until it becomes a "classic" one. But the lists

which libraries and schools are compiling grow in length and importance from season to season. Classics are a luxury, determined by accumulating years of acceptance. But we are always at liberty to say that "standard" lists need revision.

Take the conventional attitude of educators toward the subject of the Bible as reading for children. Year in and year out we have been given diluted, one-syllabled per-versions of the Old and New Testaments. There have been offered us biblical narratives, in language far more difficult to understand than the King James version,—all exemplifying by their presence and acceptance that somewhere in the "whole" Bible was a stumbling-block over which the child world could not be made to creep.

A step in the right direction was taken when Mrs. Joseph Gilder, with the coöperation of Bishop Potter, issued the "Bible for Young Folks" (Century; \$1.50), consisting of suitable passages selected from the Holy Writ. Then Mrs. Houghton wrote her admirable treatise, "Telling Bible Stories" (Scribner; \$1.25). This year, the "standard" shifts with the issuance of a truly remarkable collection of "Bible Stories from the Old Testament" (Houghton Mifflin; \$2.), in which Frances Jenkins Olcott attests her skill and judgment by culling texts from the Bible, with collateral reading suggested on almost every page. The introduction and appendixes are excellent guides, and altogether I consider this volume to be one of the most thoughtful contributions to the juvenile appreciation of the larger Book we have had in a long while. It is illustrated by Willy Pogány.

Compared with Nora Archibald Smith's "Old, Old Tales from the Old, Old Book" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.50), Miss Olcott's book is an example of the new method. Yet Miss Smith, in her re-telling of the Bible, has done her work feelingly and with proper spirit. My contention is that, as early as possible, children should be cultivated in the realization of style; this realization should go hand in hand with the natural desire for the story. In the Bible, the two are inseparable. That is why I prefer Miss Olcott's direct method.

The prospective book-buyer is oftentimes ignorant of the fact that lists of children's books are procurable every year at the libraries. One can ask to see Corinne Bacon's "Children's Catalog of One Thousand Books" (Wilson; \$2.) and therein find grouped most of the "standard" books of years gone by. Under Poetry, for instance, there are listed treasures of verse, gathered by such excellent

hands as W. E. Henley, E. V. Lucas, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. Examine these, and when the bookseller shows you Kenneth Grahame's "The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children" (Putnam; \$1.50), you will be able better to judge his excellent inclusions and strange omissions. But anthologists of any feeling whatsoever are usually on the safe side, though in their choice some may have reasons while others merely have rhyme. I think there are fuller collections than this one, yet I recommend it because I think that, in following the taste of the author of "The Golden Age," one cannot go far wrong.

Nor can editors of fairy tale collections stray too greatly from rich fields. I remember one year a sumptuous volume, "Favorite Fairy Tales" (Harper), brought together as showing that Dr. Hadley of Yale had loved "Jack the Giant Killer" when he was a boy, that Henry James had loved "Hop o' My Thumb," and so on, down a long list of representative men and women. A similar arbitrary grouping has been used this year in "The Allies' Fairy Book" (Lippincott; \$1.75), only it is based on a strong thread of historical interest. Since Andrew Lang prepared his very worthy edition of Perrault's "Fairy Tales," I have met nowhere with a more graphic explanation of the meaning of fairy lore than that offered by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who stands sponsor for this excellent volume. And in the way of embellishment, Arthur Rackham has never been more delicate or more imaginative.

Every year we have to revise our conception of what are the best editions of "standard" books to buy for young people. Of course, the best are oftenest the most expensive, but I believe they are also the cheapest in the end. There is not a boy within whose reach there is not some cheap form of "Treasure Island" or "Kidnapped"; but I would rather have every boy read his Stevenson in the sumptuous volumes being issued by the Scribners, with spirited pictures in color illustrating the wonderful fitness of N. C. Wyeth, the artist, to catch the youthful romance in which these stories abound. For the present season, "The Black Arrow" (\$2.25), thus decorated, gives us special joy. Wyeth's plates are simpler, more dramatic than the detailed pen drawings of Louis Rhead. But the latter has given us, for many Yuletides past, varied classics, like "Robinson Crusoe" and "Tom Brown's School Days," with illustrations copiously sprinkled through delightful typography (Harper; per vol., \$1.50). His edition of "The Arabian Nights" (\$1.50) has just been published. In passing,

let us recall the colorful canvases painted by Maxfield Parrish for Kate Douglas Wiggin's selections of these never-dying Oriental fictions (Scribner; \$2.25).

The Orient is uppermost in a story written by Judith Gautier and called, in the recent translation made for young readers, "The Memoirs of a White Elephant" (Duffield; \$1.50). We recommend it, in spite of the unnecessary "foreword to the American edition," as being almost as spirited as Kipling's *Mowgli*. Iravata's adventures are fanciful and breathless. The author tells her story with grace; it is not always that a pseudo-fairy tale can remain so unaffected.

We have been concerned these many years over the poor quality of biography for young folks. Not many authors have fathomed the manner of narrating a life so as to make it a true story of sustained interest. Belle Moses has gone a great way toward pointing the best path to follow,—in her biographies of Miss Alcott and Lewis Carroll. Simplicity and directness of style mark these volumes, as well as her "Paul Revere" (Appleton; \$1.35), just published. Last season Jacqueline Overton offered another solution to the problem of biography writing, when she prepared her story of Robert Louis Stevenson (Scribner; \$1.) with a deftness which held older readers as well as the young for whom it was so well suited. This year Albert Bigelow Paine advances the "standard" many points. He has brought to his "Boys' Life of Mark Twain" (Harper; \$1.25) all the enthusiasm characterizing his larger work. We are surprised to find the material so skilfully compressed. This volume should be warmly welcomed everywhere. We are also particularly pleased with a collection of short "life stories"—the boyhood of such famous men as Titian, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Andrea del Sarto, and others, written by Katherine Dunlap Cather (Century; \$1.25). If there must be a supplementary-reading type of book for the schools, this will fill a need.

The foregoing list of books I consider to be among those of "unusual" character. No one can go far wrong in selecting them. But there are a host of others that, while not marked by keen originality, are nevertheless worth while. Every year brings forth stories as bright and hopeful as Elia W. Peattie's "Sarah Brewster's Relatives" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.), emphasizing the moral transformation which can befall a girl who tends to be over-pampered and falsely proud. We have had an infinite number of historical stories exploiting United States history, similar in character and in incident to Byron

A. Dunn's "The Boy Scouts of the Shenandoah" (McClurg; \$1.10), and we have become quite used to those heroes who out-general the best Generals the Civil War ever produced. In the present volume, Stonewall Jackson's campaign is accurately set forth. So consistently well-mannered and sweet-tempered is Marion Ames Taggart that we will take such stories of hers as "Beth of Old Chilton" (Wilde; \$1.25) on the supposition that therein will be kept up some of the traditions of Louisa May Alcott. Such boy scout adventures as Walter P. Eaton has been writing for some years are innocuous and supply a want which has grown with the popularity of the "series." It must be said to the credit of Mr. Eaton, however, that his latest volume—"Peanut—Cub Reporter" (Wilde; \$1.)—has more evidence of spontaneity about it than any of the other tales that have strung together a long list of happenings "on the hike."

Among the fiction, we believe we have discovered nevertheless several well-written narratives. We do not hesitate to recommend Cornelia Meigs's "Master Simon's Garden" (Macmillan; \$1.25), which gives a panoramic display of American conditions from the days of colonial Puritanism to the very moment of the Revolution. The tale is cleverly constructed and follows the welfare of several generations. Nor does "Polly Trotter, Patriot" (Macmillan; \$1.25) fall very far behind in cumulative interest and maintenance of atmosphere. Rarely has the spirit of Independence been so well suggested as in this latest volume, from the joint pens of Emilie B. Knipe and Alden A. Knipe. And of a further-off period of history, an excellent idea may be gleaned from Clarence M. Case's "The Banner of the White Horse" (Scribner; \$1.), a tale of Saxon conquest.

We have small space to enumerate all the stories which now flood the market. We can only emphasize the warning that the majority of them are indifferent, and that it is better to go to the "standard" list for recommendations. One is safe in buying reprints, such as "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pinochio," which are the latest volumes included in the Lippincott's estimable "Stories All Children Love" series. (Per vol., \$1.25.)

Fairy tales, other than the "Allies' Book," are plentiful, and there are many editions to select from. We like the purpose of Penrhyn Coussens's "Tales of Heroism and Daring" (Duffield; \$1.50) better than the execution. The selections are haphazardly arranged and very sketchy in wording. It is a book of suggestion for the story-hour rather than a

distinctive story-book. Katharine Pyle's "Wonder Tales Retold" (Little, Brown; \$1.35) are enriched with effectively tinted color plates. A reprint of Henry R. Schoolcraft's "Indian Fairy Book" (Stokes; \$1.50) will enrich the Indian shelf of any library.

The fairy tale as a source for dramatization is this year very evident in the issuance of school plays with explicit directions as to mounting and costuming. Such variety as that offered in the "St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas" (Century; second series, \$1.) and Laura E. Richards's "Fairy Operettas" (Little, Brown; \$1.) will find instant recognition from the teacher. The dramatic piece as an accessory in the school-room has still to be measured carefully, the market being flooded with weak materials of little literary merit.

The fact of the matter is, a good teacher should do her own dramatizing. In looking over the artistic volumes of "Old English Nursery Tales" (Daughaday; per vol., \$1.), retold by Georgene Faulkner, and brightly illustrated by Milo Winter, we were impressed by the fact that here at hand are simple sources for converting material into dialogue form. But we must guard ourselves against those plays which have no other merit than that they were once tried out in the classroom. Act plays all you wish, but don't rush too generally into print with them!

The "Story Lady Series," under the kindly guidance of Miss Faulkner, suggests that maybe there are other books of similar character suitable for the smallest folk in the nursery. We are glad to find Sara Cone Bryant, in her "Stories to Tell to the Littlest Ones" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50), continuing the sensible work she has already done in the way of giving advice to story-tellers. Jingles and prose variously mixed are here offered in accord with all the psychological turns of style she has discovered to be pleasing to juvenile attention. The pictures by Willy Pogány are fanciful and familiar.

On the whole, however, the picture book is rather conspicuous by its reticent appearance or flagrant absence. Probably that is due to war and expense of manufacture. Many volumes before us are a strange assortment of different grades of paper. E. Boyd Smith's "In the Land of Make Believe" (Holt; \$1.50) is a gay circus book, and out of the varied supply of Christmas Feasting on my desk is the brightest oblong book we have for the "small fry."

Many parents do not even know how to approach their youngsters in the spirit of fun which should prevail in the nursery. So that, after a fashion, though Gene Stratton-

Porter's "Morning Face" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.50) is hardly literary in form, it will suggest many playful things for the parent to practise on children as delightfully cheerful as the little girl whose portrait forms the wrapper design of this heterogeneous array of verses and stories. The youthful "pencil-and-paper fiend" will discover an outlet for his artistic inclinations in Clifford L. Sherman's "The Great Dot Mystery" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.).

The handy boy, the daring boy, and the young naturalist we always group together. They are of the same stock, and their tastes are always reckoned with in the holiday harvest. Mucilage, pasteboard, odd boxes, covers, strings, and so forth are the chief characters in such practical treatises as Edna Foster's "Something to Do, Boys" (Wilde; \$1.25), Milton Goldsmith's "Practical Things with Simple Tools" (Sully & Kleinteich; \$1.), and C. C. Bowsfield's "How Boys and Girls Can Earn Money" (Forbes; \$1.). How simple the directions seem, with the diagrams and the sleight-of-hand foldings. The motto for such books should be "The Boy Useful in the House Beautiful!"

In these camp fire days and boy scout moments, we can recommend Gilbert H. Trafton's "Bird Friends" (Houghton Mifflin; \$2.), because of the encyclopedic knowledge it can throw on the special subject which other authorities, like Neltje Blanchan and Olive Thorne Miller, cannot touch. Novelty in the animal world is always attractive to the young reader, and we can imagine many a youngster relishing W. S. Berridge's "The Wonders of Animal Life" (Stokes; \$2.), with such unique chapters as those about birds that can't fly and fish that can't swim.

What says the adventurous reader to such titles as Lieutenant Chatterton's "Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates" (Lippincott; \$1.25) and Ernest Young's "Daring Deeds of Trappers and Hunters" (Lippincott; \$1.25)? Are they not descriptive enough? Even though there may be similar volumes of sounder character, nevertheless are they safe and sound in spirit. Philip A. Bruce's "Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers" (Jacobs; \$1.50) likewise contains some thrilling historical studies. The market is full of such books, and you only have to know the reader's taste to fill the bill.

The adventurous story is also plentiful. There is the semi-fictional book, like William A. Johnston's "Deeds of Doing and Daring" (Wilde; \$1.25), of scope similar to Cleveland Moffatt's "standard" book on the same subject. There is Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler's

"The Boy with the United States Mail" (Lothrop, Lee; \$1.50), in which all the exciting history of the Post Office Department is unfolded in fictional form.

And where is the Christmas spirit in all this, you ask? One small volume creeps out from the deluge before us with the Yuletide cheer; and that is Ruth Sawyer's "This Way to Christmas" (Harper; \$1.)—a good little tale of lonely expectancy and rich fulfilment.

Here space calls a halt, and we end with a plea. Do not shop for children hastily. Do not rely on the salesman who has a pile of

the "latest" to sell. Look for yourself; and prepare yourself to judge of the output by some "standard." You can form for yourselves that "standard" with very little trouble—with much less trouble than trying afterward to undo a vitiated taste in the child, or counteract a lurid imagination. The child's mental food is not all unadulterated. It is a moral duty on the part of the grown person to realize this and refuse to buy "cheap goods," whose presence tends each year to lower more and more the "standard" book.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

HOLIDAY JUVENILE LIST.

The following list contains the titles of all the more important juvenile books published this season. The list is classified as to subject matter and the titles arranged in the general order of their importance.

TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

- Daring Deeds of Hunters and Trappers.** True Stories of the Bravery and Resource of Trappers and Hunters in All Parts of the World. By Ernest Young. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 248 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
- The Ruby Story Book.** Tales of Courage and Heroism. Retold by Penrhyn W. Coussens. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 341 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.50.
- The Boy's Book of Pirates.** By Henry Gilbert. Illustrated, 8vo, 319 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.
- Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates.** True Stories of Stirring Adventures of Pirates, Fillbusters, and Buccaneers. By Lieutenant E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated in color, 247 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
- The Quest of the Golden Valley.** The Yukon is the Scene of Action. By Balmore Browne; illustrated by the author. 12mo, 279 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- Jungle Chums.** A Boy's Adventures in British Guiana. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Illustrated, 8vo, 236 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35.
- Billy Topsail, M.D.** Experiences with Doctor Luke of the Labrador. By Norman Duncan. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.
- The Strange Gray Canoe.** By Paul G. Tomlinson. Illustrated, 12mo, 278 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Bobby of the Labrador.** By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated, 12mo, 325 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.
- On Parole.** By Anna P. and Frances P. Siviter. Illustrated, 12mo, 320 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
- The Monster-Hunters.** By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated, 12mo, 348 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.
- The Golden City.** By A. Hyatt Verrill. 12mo, 272 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25.
- The Story of an Indian Mutiny.** By Henry Gilbert. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 350 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.
- Three in a Camp.** By Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrated, 12mo, 276 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.
- The Trail of the Pearl.** By Garrard Harris. Illustrated, 12mo, 349 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.
- Lumberjack Bob.** A Story of a Lumber Camp in the Alleghenies. By Lewis E. Theiss. With frontispiece, 12mo, 320 pages. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.
- The Rambler Club in Panama.** By W. Crispin Sheppard. Illustrated, 12mo, 318 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 50 cts.

TALES OF THE GREAT WAR.

- Tales of the Great War.** By Henry Newbolt; illustrated in color, etc., by Norman Wilkinson and Christopher Clark. 8vo, 294 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.
- Heroes of the Great War; or, Winning the Victoria Cross.** By G. A. Leask. Illustrated, 12mo, 301 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.
- In Khaki for the King.** A Tale of the Great War. By Escott Lynn. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 375 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Stirring Deeds of Britain's Sea-Dogs.** Naval Heroism in the Great War. By Harold F. B. Wheeler. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 348 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

STORIES OF PAST TIMES.

- Tom Anderson, Dare-Devil.** A Young Virginian in the Revolution. By Edward M. Lloyd. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 415 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
- With Sam Houston in Texas.** By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 320 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
- True Stories of Great Americans.** New vols.: Lafayette, by Martha F. Crow; John Paul Jones, by L. Frank Tooker; La Salle, by Louise S. Hasbrouck; George Washington, by William H. Rideing. Each illustrated, 12mo. Macmillan Co. Per vol., 50 cts.
- The Boy's Book of Famous Warships.** Accounts of famous fighting ships, their historic engagements, and renowned commanders. By William O. Stevens. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 236 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.60.
- Ian Hardy Fighting the Moors.** By Commander E. Hamilton Currey. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 320 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
- Polly Trotter, Patriot.** By Emilie B. and Alden A. Knipe. Illustrated, 12mo, 303 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- Once Upon a Time in Indiana.** Edited by Charity Dye; illustrated by Franklin Booth. 12mo, 150 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.
- The Banner of the White Horse.** A Story of the Saxon Conquest. By Clarence M. Case. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 310 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.
- The Sapphire Signet.** By Augusta H. Seaman. Illustrated, 12mo, 290 pages. Century Co. \$1.25.
- A Little Maid of Bunker Hill.** By Alice Turner Curtis. Illustrated, 12mo, 239 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 90 cts.
- The Pathfinders of the Revolution.** Tells of the Great March into the Wilderness and Lake Region of New York in 1779. By William E. Griffis. Illustrated, 12mo, 316 pages. W. A. Wilde Co. 50 cts.
- The Thorn Fortress.** A Tale of the Thirty Years' War. By M. Branstetter. 12mo, 181 pages. Abingdon Press. 50 cts.
- Bonny Lesley of the Border.** By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated, 12mo, 331 pages. W. A. Wilde Co. 50 cts.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- The Story of the United States.** By Marie Louise Herdman. Illustrated in color, large 8vo, 496 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.
- A Nursery History of the United States.** By Lucy Lombardi Barber; illustrated in color, etc., by Edith Duggan. 4to, 199 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.
- Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.** Edited by Frank Woodworth Pine; illustrated in color by E. Boyd Smith. 12mo, 346 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.
- The Life of Nelson.** By Robert Southey; with introduction by Henry Newbolt. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 371 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.
- The Boys' Life of Mark Twain.** The Story of a Man Who Made the World Laugh and Love Him. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated, 12mo, 354 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- The Boys' Life of Lord Kitchener.** By Harold F. B. Wheeler. Illustrated, 8vo, 288 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.
- Boyhood Stories of Famous Men.** By Katharine Dunlap Cather. Illustrated, 12mo, 278 pages. Century Co. \$1.25.
- The Princess Pocahontas.** By Virginia Watson; illustrated and decorated in color, etc., by George Wharton Edwards. Large 8vo, 306 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$2.50.
- Pilgrims of To-day.** Biographical Sketches of Famous Men and Women. By Mary H. Wade. Illustrated, 12mo, 253 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.
- Young People's Story of Massachusetts.** By Herschel Williams. Illustrated, 12mo, 287 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
- Elizabeth Fry.** The Angel of the Prisons. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated, 12mo, 206 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

BOYS' STORIES OF MANY SORTS.

- The Boy with the U. S. Mail.** By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated, 12mo, 349 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.
- Nobody's Boy** (Sans Famille). By Hector Malot; translated by Florence Crewe-Jones. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 372 pages. New York: Cupples & Leon Co. \$1.25.
- Mark Tidd's Citadel.** By Clarence B. Kelland. Illustrated, 12mo, 280 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.
- Our Davie Pepper.** By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated, 12mo, 492 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.
- Dave Porter and His Double;** or, The Disappearance of the Basswood Fortune. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated, 12mo, 295 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.
- Bruce Wright.** By Irving Williams. Illustrated in tint, 12mo, 327 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.
- The Fullback.** By Lawrence Perry. Illustrated, 12mo, 302 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
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- Drake of Troop One.** By Isabel Hornibrook. Illustrated, 12mo, 321 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.
- Archer and the "Prophet."** By Edna A. Brown. Illustrated, 12mo, 353 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.20.
- Billy Burns of Troop 5.** By I. T. Thurston. Illustrated, 12mo, 220 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.
- The Unofficial Prefect.** By Albertus T. Dudley. Illustrated, 12mo, 254 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.
- Rod of the Lone Patrol.** By H. A. Cody. 12mo, 348 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.
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- Deeds of Doing and Daring.** Stories Based on Careers of Some Industrial Heroes. By William A. Johnston. Illustrated, 12mo, 300 pages. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.
- Tom Wickham.** Corn Grower. By Carl Brandt. Illustrated, 12mo, 288 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.
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- Miss Ann and Jimmy.** By Alice Turner Curtis. Illustrated, 12mo, 234 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 90 cts.
- Ted of McCorkle's Alley.** By Isabelle Horton. 12mo, 88 pages. Abingdon Press. 50 cts.

GIRLS' STORIES OF MANY SORTS.

- Sarah Brewster's Relatives.** By Ella W. Peattie. Illustrated, 12mo, 199 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.
- Phyllis McPhilemy.** A School Story. By Mary Baldwin. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 314 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Twins "Pro" and "Con."** By Winifred Arnold. Illustrated, 8vo, 269 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.
- How Janice Day Won.** By Helen Beecher Long. 12mo, 310 pages. Sully & Kleinteich. \$1.25.
- The Independence of Nan.** By Nina Rhoades. Illustrated, 12mo, 373 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.20.
- Little Mother.** By Ruth Brown MacArthur. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 333 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.50.
- Jane Stuart, Comrade.** By Grace M. Remick. Illustrated, 12mo, 375 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- Isabel Carleton's Year.** By Margaret Ashmun. Illustrated, 12mo, 291 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- Liberty Hall.** By Florence H. Winterbum. Illustrated, 12mo, 300 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- Beth of Old Chilton.** By Marion Ames Taggart. Illustrated, 12mo, 348 pages. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.25.
- June.** By Edith Barnard Delano. Illustrated, 12mo, 235 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.
- The Key to Betsy's Heart.** By Sarah Noble Ives. Illustrated, 12mo, 225 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- Lucile Triumphant.** By Elizabeth M. Duffield. 12mo, 306 pages. Sully & Kleinteich. \$1.
- Anne, Princess of Everything.** By Blanche Elizabeth Wade. Illustrated, 12mo, 207 pages. Sully & Kleinteich. \$1.
- Dorothy Dainty's New Friends.** By Amy Brooks; illustrated by the author. 12mo, 233 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.
- Blithe McBride.** By Beulah Marie Dix. With frontispiece in tint, 12mo, 268 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- About Harriet.** By Clara Whitehill Hunt; illustrated in color by Maginel W. Enright. 8vo, 150 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.
- A College Girl.** By Mrs. George De Horne Valzey. 12mo, 416 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- The Three Gays at Merryton.** By Ethel C. Brown. Illustrated, 12mo, 223 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 90 cts.
- Letty's Springtime.** By Helen Sherman Griffith. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 50 cts.

BOY SCOUTS AND CAMP FIRE GIRLS.

- The Boy Scouts' Year Book.** Edited by Walter P. McGuire and Franklin K. Mathews. 4to, illustrated, 259 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- Blackbeard's Island.** Adventures of Three Boy Scouts in the Sea Islands. By Rupert S. Holland. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 320 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
- Peanut—Cub Reporter.** A Boy Scout's Life and Adventures on a Newspaper. By Walter Prichard Eaton. With frontispiece, 12mo, 300 pages. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.
- The Boy Scouts of the Shenandoah.** By Byron A. Dunn. Illustrated, 12mo, 200 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.10.
- The Boy Scout Crusade.** A Tale of the South Seas. By Edwin C. Burritt. Illustrated, 12mo, 280 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.
- Fagots and Flames.** A Narrative of Winter Camp Fires. By Amy E. Blanchard. With frontispiece, 12mo, 305 pages. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.
- The Woodcraft Manual for Girls: The Fifteenth Birch Bark Roll.** By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated, 12mo, 424 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. Paper, 40 cts.

NATURE AND OUT-DOOR LIFE.

Morning Face. Out-door Life Presented in Prose, Verse, and Picture. By Gene Stratton-Porter; illustrated with photographs taken by the author. 4to, 128 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.

The Wonders of Animal Life. By W. S. Berridge; illustrated from photographs by the author. 8vo, 270 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.

Hollow Tree Nights and Days. Being a Continuation of the Stories about the Hollow Tree and Deep Woods People. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated, 12mo, 290 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

Bird Friends. A Complete Bird Book for Americans. By Gilbert H. Trafton. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 330 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

Pilot, and Other Stories. By Harry Plunket Greene; illustrated in color, etc., by H. J. Ford. Large 8vo, 227 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.

Half-True Stories of Dwellers of Field and Forest. By Stanton D. Kirkham. Illustrated, large 8vo, 292 pages. Paul Elder & Co. \$2.

The Book of Forestry. By Frederick Franklin Moon, B.A. Illustrated, 12mo, 315 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.

Wonderdays and Wonderways through Flowerland. A Summer Adventure of Once Upon a Time. By Grace Tabor. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 268 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

The Wandering Dog. Trials and Tribulations of a Fox-Terrier. By Marshall Saunders. Illustrated, 12mo, 363 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

Famous Four-Footed Friends. By G. C. Harvey. Illustrated, 8vo, 180 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

Betty's Beautiful Nights. How Fairies Influence the Changing Seasons. By Marian W. W. Fenner; illustrated by Clara M. Burd. 8vo, 212 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Forest Friends. By Royal Dixon. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 206 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35.

Mother West Wind "How" Stories. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 228 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.

Merry Animal Tales. A Book of Old Fables in New Dresses. By Madge A. Bigham. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 200 pages. Little, Brown & Co. 75 cts.

Little White Fox and His Arctic Friends. By Roy J. Snell. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 130 pages. Little, Brown & Co. 75 cts.

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Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe; illustrated in color by John Williamson. 8vo, 356 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Illustrated and decorated by Louis Rhead. Large 8vo, 429 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe; illustrated by Gordon Robinson. 12mo, 237 pages. "Complete Edition." Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.25.

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A Child's Garden of Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson; illustrated in color, etc., by Florence Edith Storer. 12mo, 115 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cts.

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Granny's Wonderful Chair and Its Tales of Fairy Times. By Frances Browne; introduced and illustrated in color, etc., by Katharine Pyle. Large 8vo, 211 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

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Classics for Children. New editions, new vols.: Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, 45 cts.; The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, edited by Martha A. Lane, 50 cts.; Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, first and second series, edited by J. H. Stickney, each 45 cts.; The Water-Babies, by Charles Kingsley, edited by J. H. Stickney; Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. P. Trent; The King of the Golden River, by John Ruskin; Esop's Fables, edited by J. H. Stickney, 40 cts.; Gulliver's Travels, edited by Edward K. Robinson, 40 cts.; Gods and Heroes, by Robert E. Francillon, 48 cts.; Irving's The Alhambra, edited by Edward K. Robinson. Each illustrated, 12mo. Ginn & Co.

The Rose Child. A Tale of Childhood in Switzerland. By Johanna Spyri; translated by Helen B. Dole. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 62 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 50 cts.

Moni, the Goat-Boy. By Johanna Spyri; translated by Elisabeth P. Stork. Illustrated in color, by Maria L. Kirk; 12mo, 72 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cts.

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The Memoirs of a White Elephant. The Elephant is the Companion of a Princess of Siam. By Judith Gautier; translated from the French by S. A. B. Harvey. Illustrated, 8vo, 233 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

Treasure Flower. A Child of Japan. By Ruth Gaines. Illustrated, 12mo, 205 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

Apunk, Caller of Buffalo. By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated, 12mo, 227 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

The Cave Twins. They Lived in England in the Stone Age. By Lucy Fitch Perkins; illustrated by the author. 8vo, 163 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.

Chandra in India. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 111 pages. Little, Brown & Co. 50 cts.

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The Boys' Book of Mechanical Models. By William B. Stout. Illustrated, 12mo, 257 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

The Jolly Book of Playcraft. By Patten Beard. Illustrated, 8vo, 227 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35.

Amateur Circus Life. A New Method of Physical Development for Boys and Girls. By Ernest Balch. Illustrated, 12mo, 190 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

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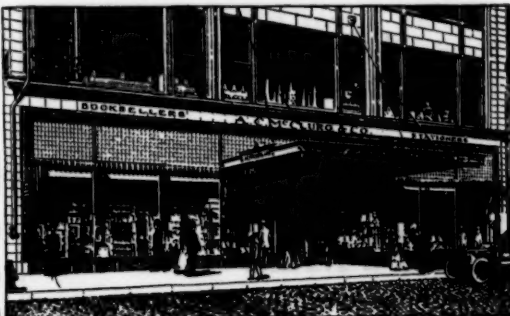
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